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Daily Mirror

HOW TO SAVE
MONEY.

See page 2.

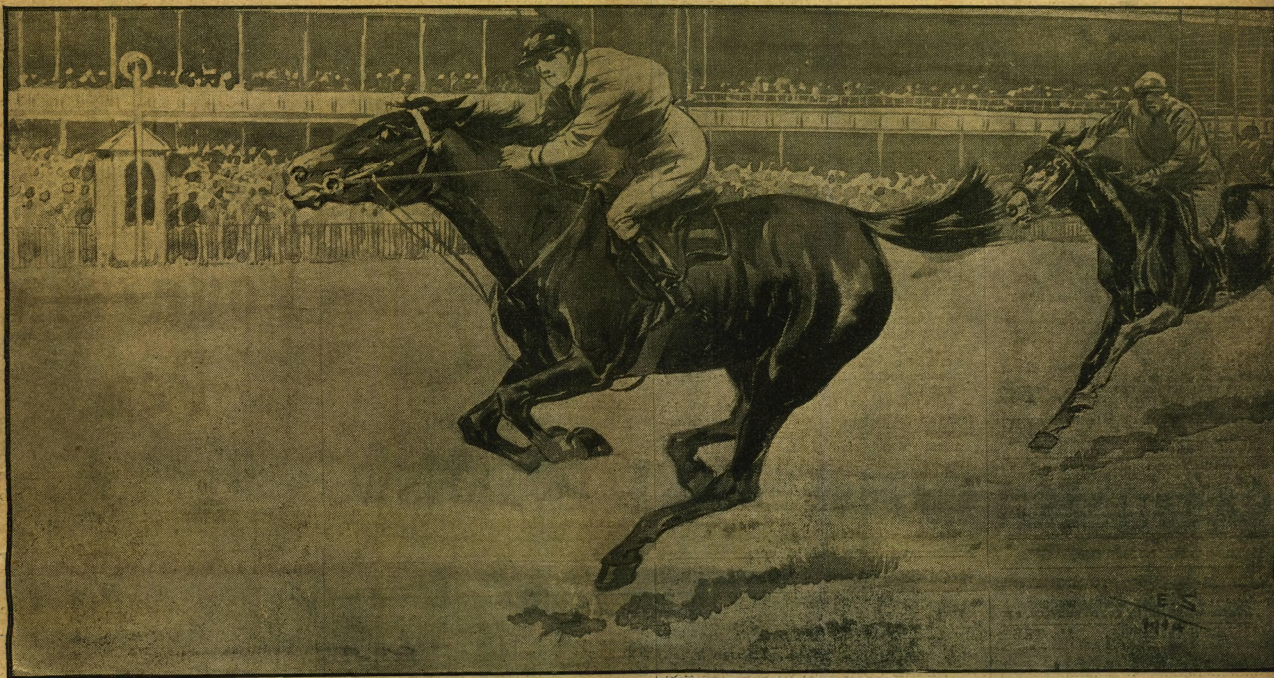
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THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

ASCOT YESTERDAY—FINISH OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.



The Royal Hunt Cup was won at Ascot by Mr. Keswick's Csardas by a length and a half. M. E. Blaskowitz's Hazafi and Mr. L. Brassey's Wild Oats were second and third, divided by half a length.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT.

PICNIC STEAMER ON FIRE.

500 People Perish in East River, New York.

A FLOATING FURNACE.

Women and Children Jump Overboard in Their Frenzy.

An appalling disaster in which, it is reported, over 500 persons perished occurred in New York shortly before noon yesterday morning.

The favourite excursion steamer, General Slocum, was passing through Hell Gate, East River, when the alarming discovery was made that the vessel had caught fire.

Over 1,600 excursionists, mostly women and children, from St. Mark's Church, Second-avenue, were on board on their way to enjoy the annual summer picnic at Glen Island.

The scene which ensued when the danger was discovered was heartrending.

Panic-stricken women ran shrieking on to the hurricane deck looking for their little ones, whom they had left dancing to the music of the band.

Numbers of the passengers hurled themselves into the river in a state of frenzy and were swept away by the swift current and drowned.

The General Slocum was an old wooden vessel, very dry, and she burnt up like tinder.

In a short space of time the hurricane deck collapsed, and the unfortunate passengers, who were standing upon it shrieking for assistance, fell in among the blazing woodwork and were burned to death.

The flames were so fierce and the progress of the fire so rapid that it was impossible for the sailors to launch the boats.

The high rocks on either side of Hell Gate prevented the captain from running the steamer ashore, and he had to proceed at full speed to North Brother Island, where she was beached.

WOMEN JUMP INTO THE RIVER.

A policeman heard the General Slocum whistling for assistance as she came up the East River, and saw women and children jumping off the burning steamer in an endeavour to escape from the flames. Only powerful swimmers succeeded in reaching the shores.

Numbers of bodies of the victims were washed up on the banks of the river later in the day. It was difficult last night, owing to the excitement, to learn the exact number of persons who have perished in the disaster, but it is estimated that at least 500 were burned to death on the steamer in addition to those who were drowned.

When the news was received at police headquarters in Mulberry-street that the General Slocum was on fire in East River, assistance was immediately sent to the scene. Reserve policemen jumped into patrol wagons and electric cars to go to the rescue.

Police tugs and launches raced with those chartered by the great New York papers to get up first to the burning vessel.

RUN ON THE BEACH.

In the meantime three or four tugboats had helped the burning ship to run on the beach at North Brother Island.

The Press boats searched the river all day, looking for any bodies of the victims which might be floating about, and at night electric searchlights were used.

The news of the calamity spread quickly through the city, and business was temporarily suspended, while rich and poor citizens bought copies of the evening papers.

Papers vied with each other in issuing editions and getting them on the street as the reports came in from their reporters on the spot. Each of the big dailies had twelve to fifteen reporters in tugs and boats out on the river, while relay messengers were used to bring the copy ashore and telephone it to the offices.

The greatest excitement and distress was shown on the east side of New York City, where the unfortunate excursionists mostly resided.

St. Mark's is one of the most popular churches in the city, and the congregation consists principally of German Lutherans.

A trip up the river and a "chowder" (picnic) is one of the most popular excursions during the hot summer months in New York. The husbands are mostly at their work, and the women and children make the trip.

A PREVIOUS RIVER FIRE.

On Saturday, July 3, 1900, over 300 persons were burnt to death on the German liner, which caught at their piers in Hoboken, New York, within an hour or so of their departure for Europe.

Lady Howe, one of the most popular ladies in society, and a great friend of the King and Queen, owing to a sudden attack of illness, has been compelled to retire from all society.

HULKS OF THE HUDSON.

Some of the Boats Forty Years Old.

All the steam and ferry boats in use on the Hudson and East Rivers, New York, are highly dangerous, and it is a wonder that accidents do not happen more frequently.

Excursionists are crowded on board, and the boats leave the dock laden down to the water's edge.

Some of these boats have been in use for forty years, and the woodwork is so rotten that it crumbles like matchwood when the boats come into collision with any hard substance. The life-saving appliances and boats are totally inadequate for the number of passengers carried.

The absolute indifference to the loss of human life exhibited by rail, trolley-car, and steamship companies in the United States almost paralyses the stranger who visits the country for the first time.

TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

Sad Scenes at Jessie Rickards' Burial.

Through a storm of wind and rain, the body of Jessie Rickards, the murdered Cornish girl, was yesterday borne to its last resting place.

For the little town of St. Columb it was a day of mourning. Shops were closed, and blinds drawn in every house, and the sorrowing people paid the last sad honours to the poor girl, whose tragic death has cast a gloom over the district in which she was so well loved.

All work was suspended in the neighbourhood, and from miles around crowds of country folk, men and women, tramped through the rain to the funeral.

Trudging along amid one silent group was an old white-bearded gentleman, down whose cheeks unchecked tears were falling.

From the grey old farmhouse, a mile away from the town, the funeral procession started. First came a light hand-pushed bier, upon which was the flower-covered coffin.

DEAD GIRL'S FATHER.

Immediately after it walked the dead girl's father, a strong old Cornishman, bowed and broken by grief, and his daughter. After them came other relatives, and then a long line of silent country-folk.

Through the long, narrow street of St. Columb the procession slowly wound its way to the church, and the people who were not following watched in silent sympathy from their open doors. Here and there a woman was sobbing, but for the most part the stern countryfolk grieved in silence.

But in the little graveyard, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, there was an exhibition of wilder grief. When the prayers for the dead had been said, and the simple coffin lowered into its grave, the sister of the murdered girl broke down and wept bitterly.

Her father, too, was overcome, and his grief was a piteous sight, while sobs and groans came from the people all around.

Then, slowly as they had come, with streaming eyes and bowed heads, the grief-stricken folk went back to their homes.

HUNTING THE MURDERER.

Berryman Believed To Have Jumped Into the Sea.

While the funeral was in progress the police were hunting for the murderer.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Charles Berryman, the young man who was last seen with the girl, deepens as time goes on.

The police still believe that, living or dead, he is somewhere in the district, for no trace of his having left it can be found, and he only had sevenpence when he went out on that fatal evening.

It is suggested that Berryman, after emptying his revolver into his unhappy companion's body, might have rushed to the cliffs, which are only six miles away, and in frenzy have thrown himself into the sea.

This would account for his body not being found. And that he did so rush away there seems little doubt, for if he had thought of escaping why should he have left the bicycle he had been riding behind?

WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

KANGMA, Wednesday.

A party of mounted infantry have captured a lama, who says he has just arrived from Lhasa. He declares that the Tibetans will fight to the death if we approach the capital, but adds that the Dalai Lama has made every preparation for flight to China.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN RAID.

Skrydloff at Large with Three Russian Warships.

TRANSPORTS CHASED.

Japanese Fleet Speeding to Give Battle.

Stirring events are reported from the Far East. Admiral Skrydloff has made a sudden dash from Vladivostok with three powerful Russian warships, his intention evidently being to draw off the Japanese blockading fleet at Port Arthur. The courageous admiral appears to have reached the Korean Straits, and sounds of firing have been heard in the adjacent islands. Japanese messages state that the Russian warships are cruising in the Sea of Japan, chasing transports and threatening shipping generally. Japanese warships are hurrying to the scene of the firing, and a naval battle is imminent.

Almost simultaneously with this dashing exploit on the part of the Vladivostok squadron, the Russian warship Novik, accompanied by ten destroyers, sallied out of Port Arthur, thus demonstrating that the entrance is not sealed. The Japanese torpedo flotillas tried to entice the Russian ships out to sea, but they refused to be drawn, and returned to the harbour.

SKRYDLOFF'S SORTIE.

Three Russian Warships Escape from Vladivostok.

From Tokio. It is announced that Admiral Skrydloff has escaped from Vladivostok with three Russian battleships, and after travelling south, a distance of 600 miles, has encountered a Japanese squadron.

The Russian vessels comprise the Gromoboi and Rossia, two of the most powerful cruisers in the Russian navy, and the Rurik.

News of the escape of the Russian warships was first sent from Okishima, an island off the west coast of Japan, where they were seen on Tuesday. During the day, they appear to have reached the island of Natsuga, situated in Korea Strait, and about 150 miles south of Okishima.

RUSSIAN SQUADRON AT LARGE.

SEOUL, Wednesday. It is officially reported that the Vladivostok squadron is cruising between Tushima and Japan. The presence of the squadron in these waters constitutes a serious menace to Korean mercantile communications.

Several Japanese officers are at Chemulpho, unable to return to Nagasaki, as their steamer is avoiding news of the position of the Russian war vessels before venturing out to sea.—Reuter's Special Service.

SKRYDLOFF CHASING TRANSPORTS.

TOKIO, Wednesday, 6 p.m. It is reported that the cruiser Nataka has engaged the Vladivostok squadron off Tushima. This report is so far unconfirmed.

The transports Yomaru and Euyomaru, homeward bound, met the Russian fleet this morning near Iki Island. The Russian squadron pursued and fired sixteen shots at them, but they escaped to Katsumeto.—Reuter's Special Service.

JAPANESE WARSHIPS HURRYING.

TOKIO, Wednesday. The Japanese warships in the vicinity are hurrying to the locality where the firing was heard. Sasebo being close by, there is a strong possibility of a naval engagement. The southern city is exposed to attack, but the raid may prove expensive to shipping.—Reuter's Special Service.

PORT ARTHUR OPEN.

According to a Reuter message from Tokio, the entrance to Port Arthur is now open.

This is confirmed in the following official telegram, dated Tokio, June 15, which has been received at the Japanese Legation in London:—

Admiral Togo reports:—

"Our torpedo flotilla on the night of June 13 proceeded to Port Arthur, and succeeded in laying mines at certain points, and returned safely."

"When our second destroyer flotilla and three torpedo-boats were bombarding the enemy shore near Shaopingkiao, for facilitating reconnaissance of our Army on June 14 at noon, the Novik, with ten destroyers, came out of Port Arthur."

"Sharp firing was exchanged. Our flotillas tried to entice the enemy by gradually retiring, but at 2 p.m. the enemy withdrew."

"No damage on our side."

"Chiotse heard explosion and sound of guns at 4 p.m. same day in the direction of Port Arthur."

"I FORBID THE MARRIAGE."

Dramatic Interruption at a Registry Office.

"I forbid the marriage. That woman is my first wife."

Shouting these words a man, showing signs of great excitement, thrust his way into Cirencester registry office while a man and woman belonging to the labouring class were going through the marriage ceremony.

The man who had thus dramatically interrupted the proceedings then gave an explanation for his conduct. He had married the woman, he asserted, when she was only fifteen years of age.

Afterwards they had separated, and had not met as man and wife for eighteen years.

The man who had interposed then took his departure, the two persons who were about to be married leaving the registry office also without the ceremony having been performed.

DOWIE'S NEW PLANS.

He Decides To Hurry Back to America.

Dowie, the religious mountebank, will pass through London on his way to Liverpool en route for New York.

At present "Elijah II." and his family remain in their stronghold at the Grand Hotel Wimerex, near Boulogne.

An official of the hotel said yesterday that the "Prophet" would leave for London on Friday at 7.10, via Boulogne and Folkestone.

The train arrives at Charing Cross at 10.45 p.m., and it is expected that the "Restorer" will spend the night in London and proceed to Liverpool at noon Saturday by the Cunard boat special.

WATCHING THE REPORTERS.

There is nothing exciting at the little French watering-place for Dowie to do except play billiards, lie about the rocks on the shore, and watch the reporters.

Mr. Gladstone Dowie and Mr. Stern travel into Boulogne every afternoon by the electric car to purchase copies of the London newspapers.

Yesterday afternoon they rode in a car with three London reporters who were watching the doings of the "Prophet" with untiring zeal.

When Gladstone Dowie realised that he was in the contaminating presence of the "stinkpots of the Press" both he and Mr. Stern gave them the strenuous, steadfast gaze, and swelled visibly with indignation.

Mr. Dowie, junior, sent his A.D.C. Stern to say that the "Dr." bore no grudge or grievance against any officer, but he would not see any reporter on "this earth."

PRAYING FOR HIS DEPARTURE.

The hotel proprietor is alarmed, after seeing the London papers, that English people will not come to his hotel while the "Prophet" remains there, looking forward to Friday with feelings of hope and joy.

The "Restorer" gets his exercise by walking the planks of his balcony like the skipper of a tramp steamer on the bridge. He wears a blue serge suit with a yachting cap, and looks well and eats well. His Zionites need not be alarmed at the state of health of the great religious fakir.

A photograph of the hotel at which "Dr." Dowie is stopping is to be found on page 8.

MODEL CLERGYMEN.

What Patrons of Livings Require for £120 a Year.

"A great many of the clergy were not receiving as large an income as a mechanic, or even a coachman or a gardener."

This was a remark made by the Archbishop of Canterbury at a meeting of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund yesterday.

He said: "One thousand five hundred benefices had under £100 a year and 4,700 under £200 a year, but he did not think it would be quite reasonable to adjust the incomes of the richer members of the ecclesiastical profession so that they had to make permanent contributions to poorer members."

"The Bishops constantly received applications from patrons of livings asking for incumbents who must be of earnest and forceful character, good preachers, university men, and gentlemen, but the applicant usually ended up by saying that the living was of small value, probably under £120 a year. How was it possible to obtain such men at such a stipend?"

"The only thing I can find in my favour," said Mr. Murphy, a barrister prosecuting at St. Albans, a youth whose career has been a particularly bad one, "is that he once took an alias and chose the name of Murphy."

PEOPLE'S DAY AT ASCOT.

Old Racegoers Crowd the Grand Stand Roof.

SCENES AND SAYINGS.

Wednesday at Ascot is People's Day.

Royalty and high life were in the background yesterday for the nonce. They were there in the enclosure, but the white costumes and rain-coats of the ladies had been changed for darker colours—blues, heliotropes, mauves, and reds—and buff wraps; with here and there only a white costume.

The enclosure was black with men in the regulation top hat and frock-coat, their glasses in brown slings. Buttonholes were not so fashionable, although the King had one.

There were fewer ladies altogether, and the men crowded to the rails of the betting-ring. Serious racing was in the air.

The King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught drove up along the ordinary road well in time for the first race. The King wore grey trousers and a white slip in his waistcoat.

He looked younger than on the opening day, and strolled and talked to his personal friends in the Enclosure with more ease.

On the Grand Stand this was noticed by old racegoers. When he retired to luncheon after the Biennial Stakes, one turned to the man next him and said with a chuckle: "The King likes a bit of quiet racing, doesn't he?"

Busy Bookmakers.

The bookmakers did glorious business. Scores of backers struggled in the heat of the sun from the second race onwards to press near enough to the rails to "get something on." Many were disappointed, and drew away when the bell rang with the ready feeling that if only they had had that bit on they would at all events have got their money back.

Curious crowds gathered along the Paddock rails for a sight of the horses. Kilglass looked pretty, and took the women's fancy. Great was the excitement as the numbers were pinned on the groom's arms at the gate. Very few knew the horses by sight, and expert opinions were upset all along the line when the numbers were read. "Oh, Charlie," said a pretty girl, "you told me that was—" "Come along, dear, let's get—" The rest was lost—in common, no doubt, with a great suburban reputation for horse knowledge.

"What's the most I can win for my half-crown?" asked a fair lady in blue, anxiously. She smiled and tossed her golden head when she heard it was fifty shillings.

The start was delayed. There were so many of them. It took time. At last the white flag fell and the bell clanged.

"Listen to the silence," said our lady in blue, who had been enthralled by the pandemonium the shouting bookmakers—in their Panamas, grey bowlers, tepees, and grey and white flannels—had been making. But her beloved's glasses were to eye. He did not even glance at her.

A short man, shut out from a sight of things, clambered on his strong friend's shoulders.

"Pull him down—pull him down," they yelled. "Pull the greedy fellow down!"

"Humph," groaned an aggrieved country-man in brown gaiters, "can't see; but I don't care, it won't be long now before I know."

Cardas won. The gaitered man's remark was lost in the great indescribable sound of relieved tension that follows every great race, in it is every noise from a sight to a bookmaker's yell.

Enough To Go To America.

The young lady in the blue-flicked frock looked eagerly into the eyes of her fiancé. He beamed. "Now, isn't that jolly," she said. "Just fancy, a horse winning two pounds and ten. Are you sure?—enough to go to America."

After Pretty Polly had given a stone away to the best of it, the other fillies in the Coronation Stakes, and walked away an easy winner for the fourteenth time, the day seemed over.

"Wonderful," cried the experts on the Grand Stand roof. "She was not even trying. She fairly ambled home. Wonderful mare!"

"Look at this 'ere dove," called the policeman on duty at the Windsor corner. "She's been there all to-day and an almighty ring on the other."

"Sure enough, there perched for shelter against the wind, under the standing platform at the top of the wooden seats, was the bird. The inevitable fancier scrambled up from below and pronounced it a prize carrier-pigeon, with a rubber ring on one leg and an almighty ring on the other.

When he heard he had no owner he developed a desire to catch it, but the policeman objected.

All along to the station, when the day was over, there were but two remarks heard.

From the ladies, "What a blessing the rain kept off!"

From the men, "Wonderful mare that Pretty Polly, wonderful!"

Pictures of the King and Queen at Ascot will be found on pages 1 and 8.

BARGAINS IN STARS.

Last Day of the Cambridge Auction.

Emeralds as large as filberts, and stars glittering with hundreds of sparkling diamonds were on sale at Christie's yesterday afternoon.

It was the last day of the Duke of Cambridge's sale, and among the articles offered were the many decorations, both British and foreign, that the late Duke was entitled to wear.

Among them was the Star of the Order of the Garter.

It is a gorgeous star, but the jewel that made the ladies sigh with envious admiration was the Lesser George of the Order of the Garter.

Its centre is an onyx cameo, by Caputi, representing St. George slaying the Dragon. The onyx is circular, and as large as a crown piece.

A circle of exceptionally fine brilliants surrounds it, and a loop of brilliants holds the sash of the order.

This magnificent jewel was sold for £1,700 to Mr. J. Moylan Jones, who also bought the Star of the Order of the Garter for £720.

A smaller, but very fine, jewel of a similar description went to the same bidder for £500. Then, wrapping his three prizes in a pink "Evening News," Mr. Jones left the room apparently well satisfied.

The Garter itself, which had been catalogued, was withdrawn from sale. This caused no surprise, since its buckle bore the inscription, "The gracious gift of his Majesty William the Fourth, 18th Aug., 1835."

Unjewelled decorations were valued according to their orders. Stars of the Garter—about a dozen of these were sold—brought in no case less than six guineas.

Stars of the Royal Hanoverian Order could be had for from three to four guineas. Stars of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia brought only two guineas.

GALLANT ALAKE.

Expresses Great Admiration of British Womanhood.

Arrayed in Oriental splendour the Alake yesterday visited the Norfolk Agricultural Show at East Dereham.

He drove over from Norwich in Lord Hastings's motor-car, and was three photographed on the way, to the huge delight of the villagers.

On arrival at Dereham he met with a cordial reception, and made a tour of the showground. He minutely inspected the implements, especially the steam tractors.

At the luncheon the Alake showed great animation, and indulged in characteristic gestures.

He said Norfolk reminded him of his own country with cultivated stretches of land and a farming population.

He was deeply interested in agricultural implements and machinery, as the introduction of modern methods would greatly improve the condition of his country.

He was delighted to see so many ladies present, for he was proud to confess he was a great admirer of British womanhood.

Owing to the attraction of the Alake's presence the Norfolk Agricultural Society will reap a substantial profit, as there was a record attendance.

SCIENCE OF SELF-HEALING.

Once a disciple of the notorious Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist, Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, of Chicago, has now abandoned that belief.

The lady is in London, and on Wednesday next she will give a "New Reading of the Bible" at the Queen's Hall.

Unlike "Dr." Dowrie, Mrs. Gestefeld is not after the profits. She is a wealthy woman.

"I am not a faith-healer," said Mrs. Gestefeld, "but the Bible, read as I read it, enables one to be his or her own physician."

My teaching is a positive science—it is as positive as mathematics.

Asked to describe exactly how people cured themselves of bodily ills by her method, the lady said:—

"That is impossible. My reading of the Bible and the teaching I give is a system of thought. To understand any one portion of it one must have a whole idea of the system itself."

GREYNA GREEN IN DRAMA.

Mr. Max Pemberton to-night produces his first play, "The Finishing School," at Wyndham's Theatre. Previously his stage work has been confined to one-act curtain-raisers.

He was discovered yesterday by a *Mirror* representative busily engaged at rehearsal. Mr. Pemberton had little to say about his play, preferring not to even appear to anticipate the verdict of the critics.

This much, however, he disclosed. The period of the play is that of Sheridan, and the first scene takes place in an inn at Gretna Green.

"I think," he continued, "it will be admitted that Miss Annie Hughes, who plays a leading rôle, gives the finest impersonation of a boy since the days of Déjazet, the famous French actress."

TALL STORY SEASON.

Coarse Fishing Season Opens After Three Months.

There are twenty thousand anglers in London, and thousands of rods will throw a shadow over southern waters next Sunday.

Coarse fishing commences by law to-day under the Mundella Act in all water except the Lea, in which, under special conservancy regulations, roach, perch, and pike secure a further respite, the roach itself becoming seasonable on July 1.

Metropolitan anglers have a wide range of rivers to choose from. Within reach there is the Thames, Colne, Medway, Arun, Ouse (Sussex), Ouse (Hunts), Stour (Suffolk), Stour (Essex), Blackwater, Wey, Mole, Avon (Hants), Kennet, Loddon, Chelmer, and the Norfolk and Suffolk rivers and broads.

This season the three fence months have been favourable, and all kinds of fish are forward. The rivers are full of water, owing to the abnormal rain of last summer and winter, and everything promises well.

Railway companies actively compete for the anglers' custom by charging reduced fares to the members of the Anglers' Association, which embraces nearly 300 societies.

A fare and a quarter for the return journey is the general rule on most lines, but the Great Eastern Railway charge only a single fare for the return journey to any angling station within, practically, 100 miles of London.

Angling is a form of madness. It attacks most people in the tender years of childhood, and once it has laid its ruthless hand on its victim, the passion never leaves him. A man may, in the height of his strength and vigour, play football and cricket, but sooner or later he falls again to the delights of the riverside.

LOST HIS POST.

Lord Dundonald Relieved of Canadian Command.

Lord Dundonald was yesterday relieved of his Canadian command by an Order in Council approved by the Governor-General.

A report of the Committee of the Canadian Privy Council states that Lord Dundonald has regrettably failed to appreciate the principles of British constitutional government.

He had attacked the Government and Mr. Fisher, the Minister for Agriculture, in a speech at a public dinner, for political interference with appointments in the Militia.

The Government has confirmed the action of Mr. Fisher, and held that Lord Dundonald was subject to all the limitations usually imposed upon public officials in regard to the action of their superior officers.

Lord Dundonald was appointed to the command of the Canadian Militia in July, 1902.

He has had thirty-four years' military service, having joined the 2nd Life Guards in 1870. In 1884 he commanded a detachment of his regiment in the Camel Corps in Egypt. He greatly distinguished himself in the South African war, and headed the relief force into Ladysmith.

LAWLESS MOORS OF MOROCCO.

Morocco is not a happy land to live in to-day. Outside the inexplicable hitch in the negotiations with the bandit Raisuli for the release of Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley, the internal situation is dangerous to Europeans, whose lives and property are threatened by the lawlessness of the Moors.

Already a kaid near Fez has offered £400 for the capture of any Christian so that he may by exchange effect the release of his imprisoned brother.

An attempt has already been made to kidnap the Italian Consul at Larinche.

Mr. Cunningham Graham, interviewed yesterday by a *Mirror* representative, said the situation is indeed a very critical one, and calls for prompt action by France.

Her recent treaty with England has given her a free hand in Morocco, and the present condition of things demands that France should aid the Sultan in restoring and maintaining order."

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.

There is excitement in the wrestling world, the reason for which is decidedly indefinite. Here is the position in a nutshell.

1.—A boy has been arrested for circulating a handbill headed, "Public exposure of the Albert Hall World's Championship Wrestling Match."

2.—This document is alleged to be authorised by George Lurich, a well-known wrestler, who is said to have accused Tom Jenkins of "arranging" a match with Hackenschmidt. Suggestions are also made concerning a future match with Jenkins to be decided in America.

3.—*Mirror* comment says both he and Siegfried accepted a challenge issued by Lurich, from which the latter now appears anxious to withdraw, and, as showing his indifference, had taken a trip to Madrid.

HATS OFF!

Wearing of Headgear the Cause of Baldness.

LEEDS REFORMERS.

Leeds is the city to which the eyes of England lightly turn for thoughts on physical culture.

Dress reform has been a craze of athletic Leeds, and if a more hygienic fashion of costume comes into vogue it is Leeds who will lead the way.

At a public meeting it has already been decided that hats must go. Society must return to the primitive ways of their primeval ancestors, and rely only on their flowing locks for protection from sun and rain.

There were none bald then, at least, it is not recorded that there were, and there will be none bald hereafter if the weighty words of sapient Leeds leaders find acceptance.

Bareheaded Out-of-Doors.

The exact terms of the resolution read:—"That all members of the Leeds Physical Culture Society, male and female, adopt, as far as possible, the plan of appearing both in the open air and indoors (which is to apply to the office, the library, the theatre, or in the house) without covering of any kind on the head."

Mr. Harry Krennith, the hon. secretary of the society, stated yesterday to a *Mirror* representative "that for the present they were confining their attention to hats. It was no secret, however, that the garter would next come under condemnation as the cause of varicose veins."

"Stockings also are to be discarded by their members, however fascinating in colour and design, and nothing but sandals are to cover the feet."

In the meantime hatless and ardent physical culturists are zealously circulating healthy literature from house to house in Leeds, pointing out the virtues of the Japanese, and the adoption of the principles embodied in physical culture.

Amongst the letters received by the society is one from a Warwickshire clergyman, who writes: "The Maltese nearly all go barefooted. I also remember reading an account of a London actress, who on her holiday went to the seaside, choosing a quiet place where she could go about bareheaded and barefooted, to the astonishment of the fisher-folk. She did the former to improve her hair and the latter to improve her walk on the stage, having observed how much better was the carriage of women in Italy who wore no shoes."

Strand Hatter's Views.

A *Mirror* representative yesterday talked with a Strand hatter on the subject. Naturally, the hatter defended hats. He said the Leeds crusade was no new thing.

"It is a sort of periodical affair, this attack upon hats. It crops up every few years; but it has no appreciable effect on the manufacture of hats. Every crusade gains a convert or two to the no-hat brigade, which I think has more adherents in London than elsewhere."

"The harmfulness," continued the hatter, "depends upon the hat and how it is worn. If a hat is properly ventilated and only worn out of doors I do not think that even the crankiest of hygienic cranks can claim that it is harmful."

"Many persons pull their hats tightly on to their foreheads. This naturally impedes the circulation of the blood, and must have a bad effect on the hair. A hat that is made of light material, is properly worn, and only worn when necessary, will not cause baldness."

As against this defence of the hat a doctor pointed to the frequency of baldness among City men.

"City men," said the physician, "are practically wedded to the tall hat, which they scarcely ever remove from their heads. It is a fallacy for them to attribute their baldness to brain work and worry of business."

"The tall hat is responsible. A proof of this is that literary men, brain workers, who wear hats as little as possible, are seldom bald—the majority of them become prematurely grey."

BULLS DO NOT WANT TO FIGHT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BUDAPEST, Tuesday.

The second bull fight given at Budapest was a complete fiasco.

Scarcely a quarter of the seats were occupied, and the bulls did not show the least inclination to "fight."

The performance, such as it was, passed off without incident.

SAVE MONEY.

Use the Coupon on page 2 and you will save 5/- in the purchase of a Fountain Pen that is always ready and well worth three times the cost of it—2/6.

ADVISED—BY A PATIENT.

Sir William Broadbent's Connection with "a Complete Frost."

That eminent physician, Sir William Broadbent, of Brook-street, W., is the plaintiff in an action which commenced before Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury yesterday, in connection with the flotation of "the most complete frost that ever occurred." These were the words in which Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., described a company, called Paul Boyer, Limited, now in liquidation, and in his opening statement he explained the part it played in Sir William Broadbent's action.

The defendants were the Earl of Dunmore, Count Max Hollender, M. Paul Boyer, and the company which bears his name.

Sir William, Mr. Lawson said, sought to recover damages from the defendants in consequence of his having been induced, through their instrumentality, to take shares in the company, of which they were directors. This company was formed to buy certain inventions of Paul Boyer, a Parisian photographer.

Lord Dunmore was chosen chairman, while one of the members of the board of directors was Count Max Hollender, who was well known in artistic circles.

In a Sympathetic Moment.

On one occasion the last-named visited Sir William Broadbent as a patient, counsel said, and in a sympathetic moment at the termination of one of his visits, he produced the prospectus of the company, and said it was one of the best things going.

As a result Sir William Broadbent signed an agreement, by which he was to underwrite 500 shares, and gave a cheque for £62 10s. as a deposit on application. But a more complete frost never attended a public appeal in any enterprise of the kind.

The people of the United Kingdom and France had prospectuses sent to them broadcast, but there was only one response, and that came from Scotland, the land of the keen and astute. One solitary Scotsman applied, but he did so with that caution which characterised his race, for he only desired three shares.

The company was hopelessly waterlogged from the outset.

False Statement of Profits.

Before concluding his statement Mr. Walton referred to the profits of an accountant, which stated that the profits from Boyer's business were £8,000 per annum, whereas they were, as a matter of fact, less than £2,000.

It has been found impossible to get hold of Boyer, in spite of the matter being taken up by the Foreign Office.

The Judge remarked that he could not understand why English people could go and placidly put their money into or support French ventures like this before they knew absolutely everything about them. Why, the South Sea Bubble was not in it with a matter of this kind.

In the witness-box Sir William Broadbent, cross-examined by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, said he had known Count Max Hollender twenty-two years, and had had business dealings with him from time to time. He always accepted the Count's word.

The case was adjourned.

TWO-POUNDERS STILL SAIL.

No Sign of the Rate War Coming to an End.

Agents of the Red Star Line in London deny the rumour that they have been instructed not to book any more £2 passengers for their Atlantic line.

Owing to the rush of aliens from the East End by this route to America the steerage berths have all been booked up to, and including, the steamer leaving Antwerp on June 25.

There is no sign at present of the rate war between the Cunard and the Conference Lines coming to an end.

On the contrary, the Allan Line are going to further reduce their emigrant rate to-morrow to Canada from £3 to £2 10s., in order to meet the Cunard competition. It is expected that the Canadian Pacific Company's steamers will follow suit.

A prominent Liverpool passenger manager said, yesterday: "The Cunard will not give in, and the Conference Lines cannot afford to give way."

SALE OF PISTOLS CONDEMNED.

As the outcome of a supposed hooligan outrage in the East End, a young man, named Henry Staley, was charged at the Thames Police Court yesterday with maliciously wounding Leon Van Praagh, of Mile End. Van Praagh was taken to the London Hospital, where a bullet was extracted from his thigh.

Staley admitted to a detective that he shot Van Praagh. "It's all through a row a week ago with the Jew boys," he said. A pistol was produced, and the magistrate remarked that people had no business to sell such things. If they had to require a substantial licence they would not sell them, and there would be an end to such accidents. Staley was remanded.

MAJOR'S WIFE AND "SLATER'S."

Strange Divorce Court Coincidence—A Meeting on the Underground Railway.

The Divorce Court for a short period yesterday became quite bewildered. To use a colloquial expression, it "did not know where it was." It half thought that it had gone back several months, and was listening to the Pollard case once more.

The cause of this temporary losing of itself was that an announcement had just been made that the case being tried (the Ryan case) was brought on behalf of the fair petitioner by Messrs. Osborn and Osborn as solicitors, and that Messrs. Slaters, the detective agency that has been so much discussed lately, had on behalf of the said fair petitioner kept watch on the movements of the husband whom she suspected. But the Court soon realised that it was merely assisting in a coincidence.

On the opening day of the case Mrs. Ryan had told how, according to her opinion, her husband, Major Charles Montgomery Ryan, of the Army Service Corps, had repeatedly ill-treated her. Yesterday she was cross-examined on her story by Mr. Priestley, K.C., whose object, it soon became apparent, was to show that the blame had not been all on one side, and that the major, too, had a grievance against his wife.

PRESENTS FROM A CAPTAIN.

Mr. Priestley's first questions were with regard to a Captain Coulson, who used to be subaltern in Mr. Ryan's regiment. When the major returned from the South African war, counsel asked, did he not speak about this officer, who had not gone to the front?

Mrs. Ryan replied that she had told her husband that people had been saying things about Captain Coulson, but, on her explaining matters, the major had said: "I should never believe anything of that sort."

She had also told her husband about some gifts—a bracelet, a photo, and a clock—she had received from the Captain, and he had remarked on seeing the last article: "What a pretty clock!"

It was true that her husband had had a row with his subaltern shortly after his return, but it was about quite a different matter. The row took place at the house of some mutual friends, the Russells, and the Major was offended at something the Captain said about Baden-Powell. He remarked as he left: "I will not come to this house if that man is here."

Mr. Priestley then recalled to Mrs. Ryan's memory an incident that occurred at a restaurant. She had gone with her husband to lunch, and had handed him her purse to pay the bill. When he opened the purse the first thing he saw was a bijou photograph of Captain Coulson.

PERMITTED TO KNOW HIM.

"Oh, no; the Major was not annoyed then," said Mrs. Ryan. He told her "not to bother about the matter."

Although it was true, Mrs. Ryan continued, that her husband had asked her not to meet Captain Coulson—in consequence of the Baden-Powell dispute—he afterwards altered his mind, and gave her permission to associate with the Captain.

That was how it came about that one afternoon she was on the platform of Gloucester-road station with Captain Coulson when it so happened that her husband arrived in another train. If the Major had objected he would have come to her and taken her from the captain, Mrs. Ryan pointed out to the Court.

The Major did object—so Mr. Priestley considered his subsequent behaviour proved. He refused to sleep with his wife that night, and the next morning lectured her and packed her off to Teignmouth.

According to Mrs. Ryan's own story, which she proceeded to give, he called her into the smoking-room at their house in Cologian-place and swore at her.

This incident was mentioned in one of Mrs. Ryan's charges of cruelty. She was now asked why she had before made no mention of the station

STUDY IN COMPLICATIONS.

When Frank Pople, a postman at Stratford Sorting Office, was charged at Bow-street with felony, Mr. D. A. Stroud, for the prosecution, said the case was unusual for the reason that Pople was accused of taking a letter addressed to himself in an assumed name.

On March 1, while the prisoner was making a collection at the West Ham Post Office, a Mr. Knight dropped a letter, containing a 20s. postal-order, into his bag. The letter reached its destination in due course, but the postal-order had been abstracted.

Three days later the missing order was sent to Mr. Graves, a pawnbroker, together with a letter asking that two rings which had been pledged with him should be sent to 194, Plaistow-road. The letter was signed "G. Ash," and it was alleged that it was in the prisoner's handwriting. The prisoner was remanded on bail.

incident that led up to it. She replied that she did not see any connection between the two things. This tented caused the President to express great surprise. "Do you really mean to tell us that you did not know why he was angry?" he asked. "You must consider what you are saying."

It was after being ordered out of the house that Mrs. Ryan first began to consult solicitors and detectives. She then began with a Mr. Humbert, a solicitor, and to a detective agency which she named. This was in 1902. In the following year she went to "Slater's" of her own accord.

"Did Slater's advise you to employ Osborn and Osborn?" she was then asked. She answered that no such advice was given her by "Slater's."

Thereupon it was pointed out to her that the choice of Osborn and Osborn as her solicitors without any suggestion from "Slater's" was strange, and this reminded her that "Slater's" had told her that Osborn and Osborn had seen some of the papers of her case. That was why she consulted Osborn and Osborn, her present solicitors.

After Mrs. Ryan had gracefully glided down from the witness-box, where she had been sitting for many hours, and had taken refuge by the side of her married sister, her first solicitor, Mr. Humbert, gave evidence. At this point a discussion arose about the admissibility as an "exhibit" of the blotting-pad on which, according to Mr. Deane's opening statement, an impression of a compromising letter written by Major Ryan had been left.

As a condition of a temporary reconciliation that once took place between the major and his wife had been agreed that the lady should give up the pad, which she had taken possession of, and that the pad should be destroyed.

But she kept a copy of the words on it. Mr. Priestley now contended that a thing which it had been agreed should be destroyed ought not to be produced as evidence, but Mr. Bagnvare, who had been agreed that the lady should give up the pad, which she had taken possession of, and that the pad should be destroyed.

DECIPHERED WITHOUT A MIRROR.

This was handed up to the President, who, after turning it over and over, said that he could make out the following words without the aid of a looking-glass, which was recommended to him for deciphering purposes.

"To Army Nursing Sister Edith Smith, South African Field Force, care of —, Cape Town."

The President expressed his disapproval of this being used as evidence, and the subject then dropped.

Another "exhibit" about which there was a lengthy discussion was a diary kept many years ago by Mrs. Ryan.

Entries were quoted from it in which she made complaints of her husband's neglect. One of the entries ran—

"Charlie went to London. He never wants me to go with him to anywhere in London."

Part of this entry, said the President, seemed to be an addition by the same writer with a different pencil.

Mr. Priestley hereupon said that he should have similar criticisms to make.

Towards the end of the day Mrs. Ryan's doctor gave evidence, and a naval officer described how Major Ryan kept her waiting one night for ten minutes before he would let her into their house at Gibraltar.

A VOLUNTARY GUARDIAN.

So excited was the Major, added the naval man, that he, witness, felt obliged to go in and take some whisky and soda with the husband, in order that the latter might become calm before he was left alone.

The last witness of the day was Mrs. Warburton, Mrs. Ryan's sister, who said that soon after the marriage the Major used to come home in the small hours of the morning and wake up his wife by throwing stones at her bedroom window.

The case was adjourned until to-day, when the evidence about Major Ryan's alleged misconduct will be taken.

SERVANT ACCUSES HER LOVER.

Believing the statement of Walter James Clark, a young man, whose acquaintanceship she had made on Clapham Common, that he would marry her, Ethel Aldrich, a girl in domestic service, consented to leave her situation without giving notice.

Clark took her boxes to a furnished room, and the girl told the Westminster magistrate yesterday that after one of his visits she missed her gold brooch. He had also taken away a musical album. Clark, who was also charged with robbing a fellow-lodger, was committed for trial.

Passengers were landed from the East at Dover yesterday by the German liner Stamboul.

Jamaica has been visited by heavy rains, as much as twenty inches falling in less than a week. Floods are general.

"KING OF THE PIRATES."

Mr. Willett Disclaims His Blue-book Title.

"The King of the Pirates," as Mr. James Frederick Willett is known even in Government Departments, though he himself apparently denies the soft impeachment, was summoned at Bow-street yesterday to show cause why 52,250 copies of pirated music should not be destroyed.

The music was seized at the premises of Messrs. Hillman and Co., printers, Red Lion-yard, Holborn, who, it was alleged, had printed it for Messrs. Fisher and Co., of Clarendon-road, Walthamstow.

An agent of the Music Copyright Association gave evidence with the object of connecting Willett with Messrs. Fisher and Co., but the defendant now declared that he had no connection whatever with that firm.

Mr. Rutland, for the Music Copyright Association, mentioned that a few days ago the defendant described himself to a Departmental Committee of the House of Commons as "The King of the Pirates."

Mr. Willett: That is not so, but it seems to amuse you gentlemen.

Mr. Rutland: The Blue-book says so, at any rate.

The magistrate found that the Music Copyright Association had not proved that the defendant was the owner of the music, and dismissed the summons.

It was mentioned that the music would still remain in the hands of the police.

WITNESS'S DEAFNESS.

Question of a Traction Engine's "Quietness."

In an action before Mr. Justice Grantham in the King's Bench the chief point at issue was the amount of noise caused by a traction engine.

The two horses of an omnibus had, it was said, been frightened owing to the engine's steam being turned on carelessly, and in an accident which followed the driver, named Williamson, was killed. His widow yesterday obtained £240 damages from Mr. A. W. Smith, of Feltham, the owner of the traction engine.

The line taken by the defence was that the horses were really startled by a motor-car which happened to be passing.

A witness named Finn, who was very deaf, said he saw the accident. A motor-car passed the omnibus, when the horses gave a start and seemed to get out of the control of the driver.

Counsel: You did not hear anything?—Aye?

You did not hear anything?—Aye?

You did not see any steam?—No.

Mr. Justice Grantham: That is all right; try someone else.

Mr. Alfred Robinson, chief draughtsman to the firm who made the traction engine, said it worked as quietly as most motor-cars.

Mr. Justice Grantham: That is not saying much, I suppose.

In assessing the damages the jury directed that £120 should go to the widow and £60 each to the driver's two children.

CHILDREN IN THE WAY.

Counting Numbers on Motor-cars as They Pass.

Every motorist has suffered from the opprobrium of the man in the street, and even more of the child in the street.

Since motor-cars have become general, it has been a favourite pastime with children to congregate in groups and see who can stay in the middle of the road longest.

This practice has been further encouraged by a paper offering a prize to the child who succeeds in taking down the largest number of motor-car numbers.

Crowds of youngsters now gather in the various main roads to take down the numbers of passing motors, regardless of the risk of being run over.

The tempting newspaper offer thus becomes a danger to the children and an annoyance to the motorists.

WIFE'S CONFESSION.

Arising out of a divorce which Major James W. Evans obtained from his wife last year, a question as to the legitimacy of a child came before Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday. The co-respondent in the suit was a Major Blyth.

According to Major Evans, the date (July 31, 1903) of the birth of his third child raised a doubt as to it being his.

Mrs. Evans, it was alleged, confessed misconduct early last year, and in a note to her husband added that Major Blyth "would be the father of her child."

The hearing of the case was adjourned.

Three hundred British sailors and their officers will be received by the Pope at the Vatican next Saturday.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Through eating laburnum seed Lucy Williams, a five-year-old girl of Wrexham, has died.

During the last fifty years Trinity College has been responsible for twenty-five Senior Wranglers. St. John's comes next with eighteen.

Eight cases of small-pox have been admitted to Belfast Hospital during the past two days, making twenty-eight cases under treatment and five under observation.

William Stanley, an inmate of Stratford-on-Avon Workhouse, attained his hundredth birthday, and to commemorate the event was entertained at tea by the Mayor and Mayoress.

ASSAULTED THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

The daughter of Mrs. Hettie Turner was caned at St. Luke's National Schools, Kingston, and in consequence, when Mrs. Turner met the headmistress, Miss Eleanor Gilbert, afterwards in the street she assaulted her.

For this she was at Kingston yesterday fined £1.

PRINCESSES CHOOSE THEIR PARTNERS.

The Connaught Princesses seem to enjoy themselves immensely, and go out everywhere, says a writer in the "World." They dance everything, though it must be a little embarrassing to send for your partners; however, I suppose one gets accustomed to it.

THE KING A WINNER.

At the Norfolk Agricultural Show at Desham yesterday the King won the first prize with the bull Pride of Sunshine, and also gained third prize with the yearling colt Glendallough.

His Majesty won the first prize in the class for the best three ewe lambs, and obtained first and reserved honours for Southdown shearing rams.

CALLED FOR THE RENT.

Ernest Wilkinson, a Bradford youth, has been remanded on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

It was alleged that he went to several houses, and, representing that the landlady was on a holiday, said he had called for the rent.

By this means he obtained about £6 10s., with which he left for Manchester, where he had a round of pleasure.

W. W. READ'S BANKRUPTCY.

At the Bankruptcy Court yesterday there was another meeting of the creditors of Walter William Read, the famous Surrey cricketer, who carried on business as an auctioneer and surveyor in Queen-street, E.C.

Debtor stated that he had no offer to submit to the creditors, but hoped to bring in a proposal at a later date. The liabilities amount to £1,662, and the assets to £180.

FEMALE BURGLAR COMMITTED.

When Mary Edith Church, alias Edith Kerby, was charged at the South-Western Court with burglary four separate charges were preferred against her.

At each house the thief had helped herself to articles of wearing apparel, and left by the front door, which she invariably left open.

A record of her previous convictions was produced by Detective Whitfield. Twice she had been convicted for burglary, a sentence of eighteen months having been passed on each of the two occasions, and once for housebreaking. She was now committed for trial.

MYSTERIOUS HAND IN THE RIVER.

Sensation has been caused at Darley Dale by a report that a human hand had been observed in the river, some three miles from Matlock Bridge. A schoolboy made the discovery, and raised an alarm.

Two postmen and others who saw it were convinced that the object which had attracted attention was a human hand, for part of a white shirt-cuff and also the sleeve of a coat were noticed.

The drags were thrown over the spot, but the hand then disappeared, and though a boat was subsequently fetched, and dragging operations were continued during the morning and afternoon, no signs of the hand or of a body have yet been brought to the surface.

FAMILY JARS.

John Proctor was charged at Southwark with attempting to stab William Hudd and assaulting Mary Irving, and he was also charged with Ellen Hudd, with assaulting a policeman.

William Hudd was living with Irving, and Ellen Hudd, his wife, with Proctor. On Tuesday Proctor and Mrs. Hudd called at Hudd's house, and there was a quarrel.

A police-constable who came on the scene was attacked and violently assaulted. He was knocked down, and a young lady blew his whistle for him. Proctor was sent to prison for six weeks, and both he and Mrs. Hudd were ordered to find sureties.

In Knightsbridge a large motor-car took fire and was much damaged, the brigade being called out to extinguish the flames.

A gift of 600 bottles of Rose's lime-juice cordial has been sent to Viscountess Hayashi's fund for sick and wounded Japanese soldiers and sailors.

Mr. J. W. Trowbridge, who for 10½ years has been stationmaster at Reading, has been promoted to the post of superintendent at Charing Cross.

For breaking plate-glass windows, value £20; at the Elephant and Castle Public-house, Harrow-road, Alfred Peit was yesterday sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

At an inquest at Battersea yesterday, Mr. Troutbeck saw smoke curling from a juryman's cigar, which was on a ledge in the jury box, and remarked that he did not like to interfere with anybody's pleasure or amusement, but there was a time and place for everything.

NAVAL LORDS SHIRK ROUGH SEA.

The contemplated visit of the Lords of the Admiralty to Queenstown and the Haulbowline Dockyard has been abandoned in consequence of the severe weather prevailing in the Channel.

BAD SIGHT CAUSED SUICIDE.

When Arthur Anguish, an iron-turner, went to work at Sheffield, he put on his glasses, and then the foreman said: "We don't want men with eye-glasses here."

Anguish was very much upset at losing his place, and his body was afterwards found in the river at Milton.

£332 FOR A HUSBAND.

At Halifax Elizabeth Smith was awarded £332 compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act for the death of her husband.

The man was working for Messrs. Woodhouse and Mitchell, millwrights, and while resting in a cabin was, with another man, poisoned by inhaling carbon monoxide gas, which escaped into the cabin.

BABY STARVED TO DEATH.

Manslaughter was the verdict of the coroner's jury against the parents of Albert Ratcliffe, the one-year-and-ten-months-old son of Richard and Sarah Ann Ratcliffe, of Walsley-street, Church.

Dr. Geddie said he had made a post-mortem examination, and in his opinion death was due to starvation.

CONSTABLE SUED FOR £1,000.

Miss Ann Gorman, of Nenagh, Ireland, is suing Denis Horgan, a head constable of the Royal Irish Constabulary, for £1,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

A preliminary to the action plaintiff applied to the Courts for an order for discovery of documents.

The defence is that the agreement had been rescinded by mutual consent, and counsel said that there were letters which the plaintiff required to see for the purposes of the trial.

The Judge made the order, and the constable will have to produce the letters.

OMNIBUS SMASH BY HYDE PARK.

The horses attached to an omnibus which was passing St. George's Hospital yesterday morning, bolted through a trace breaking.

They dashed into a refuge, bringing down the electric light standard, which fell across the driver, injuring him somewhat seriously.

The vehicle was completely wrecked, and two of the passengers, Mr. Edgar Hopson and Miss Jessie Weaver, were injured.

The driver and injured passengers were taken into St. George's Hospital, but after being medically attended were able to go home.

BURGLAR OFFERED A SITUATION.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, Christopher Gregory pleaded guilty to having broken and entered the dwelling-house of Thomas Reid, at Paddington. After committing the burglary the prisoner left the following extraordinary letter upon the dining-room table:—

Sir,—No doubt you will be surprised to receive this note, but I take this means of finding a place to rest my head. I took an oath that the first day I was without food I would get into the hands of the police, and this is the first time I have been in want of food and shelter. I dare not sleep in the open air, for my health is not of the best.

I have taken a few articles to make up a case—a cigarette case and a card case—from a what-not in the drawing-room, a French coin (50 s.), and a few shillings you will be doing me a service if you prosecute.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

C. GREGORY.

The next day Gregory surrendered to the police. As a result of the publicity given to the case a firm of coal merchants have written offering him employment at £1 a week. The prisoner was bound over and released.

A duckling with four legs has been hatched at a farm near Swindon.

At Brigstock a butcher was fined £1 and costs for cutting off a pig's tail, thereby causing the animal to bleed to death two days later.

Of Emsworth, Hants, a sturgeon, 7½ ft. long and weighing 3½ lb., has been caught, and, in accordance with ancient custom, it will be sent to the King.

Mr. Watson, the Bradford Waterworks engineer, has had his salary raised from £1,250 to £1,750, because the L.C.C. were willing to consider his application at a suggested salary of £2,500.

KILLED IN EDGWARE-ROAD.

William Berrett, of Willesden, with a companion, was riding a tandem bicycle along Edgware-road, when the machine collided with a baker's cart, and he received injuries which proved fatal.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned at the inquest yesterday.

SANK THROUGH THE PAVEMENT.

Through the pavement in York-road, Battersea, a carpenter named Deason sank and fell into a well.

At Westminster County Court yesterday he sued the London County Council for damages. Verdict for defendants.

CHURCH ROBBER DISTURBED.

Clewer Church, near Windsor, was broken into early yesterday morning. The visitor found the key of the vestry safe, which he opened, but, fortunately, no money was there.

He then went into the church, but apparently he was disturbed, for the valuable communion plate was passed by.

DID NOT KNOW GUN WAS LOADED.

A drover named John Moore slept in a loft attached to the house of John Flannagan, a Kildare farmer.

Flannagan, hearing a noise during the night in the yard, went out with his gun. A shot was heard, and Flannagan came back and told his wife he had shot a man, and that he did not know the gun was loaded.

Flannagan has been arrested.

TIRED OF LIFE AT THIRTEEN.

Nellie Ingham, a West Vale (Yorkshire) mill girl of thirteen, was found drowned in the canal last Saturday.

She had been missing since the previous Monday, when she said at the mill that there was always something the matter with her, and she was about tired of it. There was no unpleasantness at home or at her work.

A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was returned at yesterday's inquest.

LONDON ROBERTS'S MISTAKE.

Jane Fisk, of London Fields, fell off a pair of steps on to an iron spike. She was treated at the Metropolitan Hospital and sent home.

Afterwards she died, and the husband at the inquest yesterday alleged that the serious nature of the case was not realised, and that if his wife had been kept at the hospital she would have lived. The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death, and added, "We regret that the patient was allowed to walk home, and are of opinion that it would have been wiser to have detained her in the hospital until it was found the injury was not serious."

CHILD'S PLAY COST HIS LIFE.

Charles Fell, a boy of twelve, pushed one of his playmates into a pond while they were playing together near Liverpool, and immediately stepped in after his friend to save him.

But this plucky attempt to atone for his foolishness cost him his life, for while one of their companions managed to pull out the boy that Fell had pushed, Fell himself never came to the surface alive.

CLERGYMAN VOLUNTEER SUMMONED.

At Exeter the Rev. Rowland Wormwell, of London, was summoned for failing to serve a term of three years in the 1st Volunteer Battalion Devonshire Regiment, by which he forfeits £20 to the commandant.

Defendant, said plaintiff's solicitor, ought to have passed an examination and made himself efficient during three years' service in the Volunteers. When he joined £20 was allowed for his accoutrements, and not having made himself efficient the £20 must be returned.

Unless that money was refunded it would have to be borne by the corps. Defendant had not resigned his commission or made any effort to pay anything.

The case was adjourned.

THE CITY.

More Cheerful Tone, and the Gilt-edged Market Looks Happy.

Ascot again took a number of people away from the Stock Exchange, and those who remained found very little to do, but they had the satisfaction of seeing the markets take a turn for the better.

It was all owing to better news coming from the bankers in Lombard-street. The bankers tell the Stock Exchange that Paris has far more money than the can handle, and they say that a good deal of it is coming to London, and that there are signs of a recovery. Naturally on this news the Consols and the gilt-edged market generally went ahead, and when the gilt-edged market looks happy there are not ordinarily many gloomy faces about elsewhere.

Home Railway dealers spoke quite cheerfully about yesterday's traffic. They were certainly very good, if we except the North-Western, Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Scottish receipts. With the exception of the North-Eastern, however, heavy stocks were dull. Southern and Underground securities were decidedly good.

Americans were a better market, thanks to New York advices, and the tone was quite good almost throughout, and it was quite like old times to be given "tips" as to certain rises, which probably will never come off. But in the Street, after the close of the Stock Exchange, none of the prices fell back.

Quite a fillip was given to Canadian Rails, and, thanks to a good traffic, Mexican Rails were a decidedly better market, with more business doing. In fact, Foreign securities are nearly all better. Japanese are particularly strong. Even Copper shares picked up again, for the metal recovered.

There was a lamentable slump in Stocks, London and India deferred lumping 2½, and they had to be sold, but Mr. Balfour's determination to get the Bill through seemed to help them at the finish. Hudson's Bays weakened to 40.

Nearly all the Mining sections were inclined to improve. Kafkas rallied, and Rhodesians were helped by the good May output. Westralians, too, showed almost general improvement.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ pc.	90½	90½	Pacific	115½	116½
"Do Account.	90½	90½	Western	124½	125½
India 8½ pc.	98½	98½	Mexican	80½	81½
London C.C. 3½ pc.	93½	93½	"Do Ord.	18½	18½
Nat. War Loan.	97½	97½	Rosario Consol.	92½	92½
Transvaal Loan.	95½	95½	Canadian Pacific.	84½	85½
Argentina 1886	108½	108½	Gd. Trk. Ord.	14½	14½
"Do Fundg.	108½	108½	"Do 1st Pref.	13½	13½
Brazilian 4½ pc. 1889 75½	75½	75½	"Do 2nd "	8½	8½
"Do 2nd "	8½	8½	"Do 3rd "	38½	39½
"Do 3rd "	38½	38½	Nitrates Ord.	7½	7½
Chinese 5½ pc. 1888 98½	98½	98½	Aerated Bread	6½	6½
Egyptian United 104½	104½	104½	Aschapp Ord.	57½	58½
Italian	108½	108½	"Do 2nd "	96½	96½
Japanese 4½ pc. 1888 88½	88½	88½	Gas Light Ord.	92½	92½
"Do 4½ pc.	77½	77½	Hudson Bay	28½	28½
Per. Debt.	91½	91½	Lan. Gen. Om.	110½	110½
"Do Pref.	25½	25½	"Lipion	19½	19½
Portuguese	62½	62½	"Do 2nd "	73½	73½
Russian 4½ pc. 1880 78½	78½	78½	Nelson's	21½	21½
Spanish 4½ pc. (Sd) 82½	82½	82½	Sweetwater Auto.	10½	10½
Turkish 4½ pc. Und. 83½	83½	83½	Vickers, Maxson.	114½	114½
Uruguay 5½ pc.	55½	55½	Walsley Ord.	4½	4½
Brighton Def.	122½	122½	Anglo-French.	5½	5½
Caledonian Def.	31½	31½	Assent G. F.	24½	24½
Central London.	93½	93½	Ashanti G. M.	3½	3½
Chatham Ord.	106½	106½	Barranclough	5½	5½
"Do Pref.	98½	98½	Cham. Reef	33½	34½
"Do 2nd Pref.	66½	66½	Chartered Corp.	13½	13½
Great Eastern	91½	91½	Consolidated	12½	12½
"Do Northern Def.	41½	41½	Cons. Gold S.A.	61½	61½
Great Central A. 14½	14½	14½	Crown Reef	14½	14½
Great Western	142½	142½	"Do 2nd "	24½	24½
Metropolitan	97½	97½	"Do 3rd "	24½	24½
District	38½	38½	East Rand	7½	7½
Midland Pref.	69½	69½	F. Rand. M. Est.	4½	4½
"Do Def.	69½	69½	Geduld	24½	24½
North British Def.	44½	44½	Gld'nhuis E.	5½	5½
North Eastern	140½	140½	Gold Coast Amt.	22½	22½
North Western	123½	123½	Gold'n Horsehoe	7½	7½
South East'n Def.	58½	58½	Gt. Bld. Per. New	16½	16½
South Western	143½	143½	"Do Prop.	27½	27½
"Do Ord.	168½	168½	Gt. Fingall Ord.	4½	4½
Atchafson	73½	73½	Ivanhoe	7½	7½
Baltimore	81½	81½	John. Con. In.	2½	2½
Chesapeake	320½	320½	Kaibab	2½	2½
Chil. Mil. & S. Fl.	146½	146½	Lake View Cons.	11½	11½
Denver	201½	201½	Max Consolidated	4½	4½
Erie Shares	24½	24½	May & Chan.	6½	6½
"Do Pref.	40½	40½	Modderfontein	9½	9½
Illinois Cent.	133½	133½	N. Valley	14½	14½
L'ville and N'ville 112½	112½	112½	N. Copper	3½	3½
Massouri	17½	17½	Ontario	1½	1½
Ontario	26½	26½	Oreogum	1½	1½
Norfolk Cons.	57½	57½	Ranga Brwailish	3½	3½
Ohio	59½	59½	St. Louis	1½	1½
Reading	23½	23½	Union Pacific	1½	1½
Southern Ord.	21½	21½	U.S. Steel Ord.	9½	9½
Southern Pacific	56½	56½	"Do Pref.	5½	5½
Union Pacific	89½	89½	Wabash	16½	16½
U.S. Steel Ord.	9½	9½	Wabash	16½	16½
"Do Pref.	56½	56½	Wabash	16½	16½
Wabash	35½	35½	Wabash	16½	16½
B.A. Gt. South 113½	113½	113½	Wabash	16½	16½

* Ex div.

LORD ROBERTS'S WITTY RETORT.

Lord Roberts once found himself the centre of a circle of new friends in a London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, says the "Windsor Magazine," who seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense.

On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronisingly to his lordship and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but"—

shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you."

To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1904.

THE ABANDONED BICYCLE.

Murder mysteries always arouse public interest to the highest pitch. Very few people are so lacking in common human feeling as to pass them by unmoved. Who can read those wonderful chapters in "Oliver Twist" which describe the flight of Bill Sikes after the killing of Nancy without a thrill and a quickening of the pulse? Life and death are the greatest interests the world holds for us.

Sympathy, horror, indignation—all our emotions are called into play by the story of such a crime as that with which Cornwall is ringing from end to end. Further than this, the hunt for the murderer sets our minds at work. To the emotional appeal is added the intellectual stimulus.

In every mystery of this kind there is some one circumstance which, if it could only be understood aright, would provide the key to the problem. In this instance the difficult factor is the finding of the suspected man's bicycle. If Berryman is guilty, why on earth did he leave behind him this most useful aid to his escape?

The natural thing would have been for him to ride off as hard as he could—either to attempt to establish an alibi by proving that he was a long way from the scene of the crime soon after it was committed, or else to get away from the neighbourhood altogether. The fact that he did not do this supports the theory that he may have committed suicide. Yet why, if he has killed himself, did he not do it on the spot?

Of course, it is possible that Berryman did not kill the girl at all. Was she shot by some maniac, and did her companion rush after the murderer, only to be murdered in his turn? Does his body lie in some out-of-the-way place, while the criminal goes about still at large?

If we could explain the leaving behind of the bicycle we should go a long way towards clearing up the matter. As it is, there is no theory which is not made difficult to hold by this curious factor in the case.

The sailing from Tokio, a few days ago, of the ship conveying members of the Japanese Parliament, war correspondents, and diplomatists to the neighbourhood of Port Arthur is a sign that the end is at hand. These voyagers have taken ship with the object of being in at the death. Unless the Japanese plans miscarry, they will see the final attack delivered in the course of a day or two. This is turning war into a spectacle with a vengeance. What would Nelson have said if he had been obliged to send for a shipload of "d—d tongue-waggers" whenever he had a famous fight in view?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The ideal of an Indian bride is that a wife shall, if that be possible, love her husband's people as she never loved her own; that the new parents shall be more to her than the old; that she can bring no gift into their home so fair as a full and abundant daughterhood. Both husband and wife must set their faces towards the welfare of the family. This, and not merely that they should love each other, is the primal intention of marriage.—From "The Web of Indian Life," by Margaret E. Noble. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

WHAT IS ASCOT, MY FRIENDS?



Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman indignantly denied in the House of Commons that he had been at Ascot Races on Monday. He left it to a supporter to point out what he apparently did not know—that there were no races at Ascot on Monday at all!

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

How Long Is It Since Prize-fighting Was Stopped in England?

This question is asked in connection with the sale yesterday of the belt presented to Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," after his great fight with Tom Sayers in 1860.

At that time the sport was most popular, and the Prime Minister (Lord Palmerston) defended it in the House of Commons, as tending to the production of fine British qualities.

But soon afterwards it began to fall into disrepute. This same Heenan was very nearly killed in a fight with one Tom King in 1863, and both men were arrested, and made to promise not to fight again.

In 1867 Jim Mace was seized by the police in order to prevent his fighting a giant called O'Balwin; and in 1868 an Act was passed to prohibit railways from carrying people if it was known they were travelling to see a prize-fight.

That was practically the end of prize-fighting. Nowadays in all public contest gloves are worn, and the interest taken in them is nothing like what it used to be. Some people say we are more humane; others think it is merely that the fashion has changed.

FRENCH HEROES OF WATERLOO.

It seems a little late in the day to dedicate a monument to the French soldiers who fell at Waterloo, but that is what is to be done this day week. A site has been chosen near the spot on the battlefield where the Napoleonic Guards made their last historical grand charge, and Gérôme the great French artist and sculptor, designed a gigantic figure of an eagle with broken wings wherewith to crown the monument. An enormous crowd of both French and Belgian people are expected to be present; carriages will be sung, military bands will play, and all homage will be paid to the memory of the gallant soldiers who died so gloriously—if ineffectually—in the service of their country.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

The Commandant of Port Arthur.

Now that Port Arthur fortress itself is actually besieged the man of the hour is Smirnoff, "the Tsar's friend," as he is universally known in St. Petersburg.

For General Stoessel's rightful title is "Commandant of the Fortified Rayon of the Kwantung Peninsula," and the real defender of the impregnable city is a soldier with an even greater reputation. It was Stoessel's duty to keep the Japanese at a respectful distance from Port Arthur. Now that he has failed it is Smirnoff upon whom the Tsar relies to hold the fortress in Russian hands. Smirnoff's reputation belies his name, which signifies "peaceful." His men, with a better instinct for character, have dubbed him "Sem Tchertei," or "Seven Devils." He gained that sobriquet in the Russo-Turkish war, and since then he has risen step by step, partly by the Tsar's favour and partly by talents which none dispute. Smirnoff can now wear fourteen decorations on his chest.

Of middle height, supernaturally bright-eyed, somewhat dandified, with trim, grey beard and restless, fidgety movements, he produces the impression of a leader of men. Yet there is in his look a curious kindness which hardly harmonises with the bloody and desperate work now before him.

Smirnoff is the best billiard-player in the Russian Army—indeed, his only rival is General Rennenkampf, Commander of the Transbaikalian Cossacks. He once played with the Tsar at Yalta, beating Nicholas II. badly, whereupon the latter is said to have boasted, "Well, I can beat you at tennis, playing left-handed." And moreover, so he did.

People continue to complain of the plague of gnats. We understand that a good defence is to bathe the face twice a day in liquid glue. The insects will stick to this without inflicting further irritation.—"Punch," London.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

The fact that all the arrangements for the great motor race at Homburg tomorrow are being looked after by Prince Henry of Prussia is a guarantee that they will be excellent. The Prince has just the same passion for perfection as characterises his brother the Kaiser, and with it a much sener temperament as well as far pleasanter manners. He is more like Emperor William than his photographs suggest; and when he only wears a moustache instead of a naval beard he would often have been mistaken for the monarch had it not been for his jolly, frank, friendly air, which seems to say at once: "I am a man like you and the rest of mankind; no need to put on frills with me."

The Grand Duke Constantine, who has just presented to Shakespeare's birthplace a copy of his Russian translation of "Hamlet," is fond of acting Shakespeare as well as reading him. In fact, he very nearly startled the world some years ago by offering it the spectacle of a Grand Duke on the professional stage. The Tsar was furious at his distant relative's contemplated degradation of Grand Dukery, and at once sent him to his country estate, telling him not to reappear in St. Petersburg until he had come to his right mind.

Foiled in this scheme, the Grand Duke had to content himself with amateur theatricals. To these the Tsar took little exception. Indeed, he went so far as to be present himself when the Grand Ducal Tragedian made his appearance as Hamlet during Carnival Week in 1899. The Russian Court pronounced the performance a great success, but I have my doubts as to what Mr. William Archer would have said about it if he had been invited to criticise. The Grand Duke is a poet also in a small way, but he is a very domestic person as well, and has a large family.

Very little is heard about Mrs. Davidson, who helped her husband, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to entertain at Lambeth Palace last night, when he gave one of his annual "duty parties." And that is how Mrs. Davidson would have to be. She dislikes publicity. She even considers it wrong. She would as soon speak from a platform as dance in an Empire ballet. Yet she is by no means an anti-progressive. She rides a bicycle very well (and very fast for a woman), and takes an interest in everything that is going on in the world.

It was his marriage to the daughter of his predecessor, Tait, that made Dr. Davidson's success in life a certainty. He at once gained the ear of Queen Victoria, who was very friendly to the Tait, and he was quite clever enough to do the rest himself. A delicate, sweet-looking girl at the time of her marriage, Mrs. Davidson is now a sweet-looking woman, still far from robust, but able to look very well after a husband who is even more delicate, and to fill her high position not only with dignity and charm, but with conscientious attention to all the demands it makes upon her.

It would be a sad stroke of Fate's irony if Clement Scott, whose illness has taken so bad a turn for the worse, should not last out until his famous benefit comes off this day week at His Majesty's Theatre. He has had an eventful career for a man of letters, and more quarrels than any other writer of his time. Yet everyone now admires his great gifts as an impressionist dramatic critic, although they were not always highly valued by newspaper proprietors.

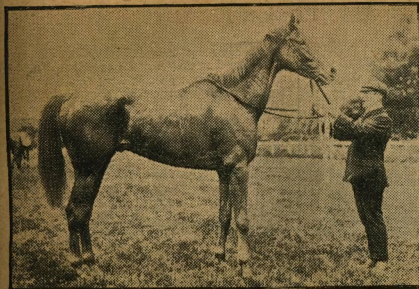
When he began he was on the "Sunday Times," and once when he went away for a holiday he left a young man called Mr. W. S. Gilbert to look after the new plays. Gilbert enjoyed himself thoroughly, but when Scott got back he found that a new critic called Joseph Knight had been appointed. The "Sunday Times" had no use for the man who could leave such a deputy as the author of the "Bab Ballads" to do his work for him!

"Refreshments on Board," in huge letters and black type greeted the passengers embarking at Westminster Pier for the voyage to Greenwich. A voyager settled his wife and two children and sought the locale of the refreshments to get her a cup of tea. "So sorry," he said, returning. "They say they have some tea on board, but no milk and no sugar, or else they would be pleased to make it for you." How enterprising!

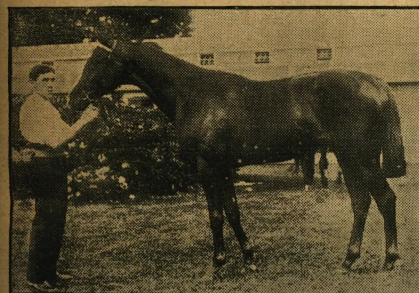
"The Finishing School," which is to be produced to-night at Wyndham's Theatre, is by no means Mr. Max Pemberton's first play. His others, however, with the exception of a one-act piece, have only been seen in America, so it is a kind of debut for him on this side, after all. No fatal results are known to have followed either his comic opera or the dramatic version of "The Little Huguenot" in New York, so there is every hope that he will score a success with his latest effort in the dramatic line.

His novels, of course, produce untold wealth. Nothing can stop their sale, not even a war. So diabolical, indeed, is Mr. Pemberton's ingenuity that in war time he hits the popular taste even better than usual. His garden at Hampstead is always full of publishers hoping to entrap him into promises to let them publish his next book. Many people still believe that his first novel, "The Diary of a Scoundrel," was an autobiography. But that is because they do not know him. No man of evil life ever played golf with so little proficiency, or flattered himself with so little reason upon his taste in champagne.

THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT ASCOT IN STATE.

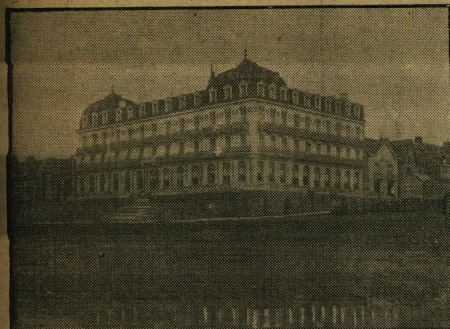


Mr. G. Miller's Merry Andrew, winner of the Ascot Stakes. Pure Gold was second, half a length behind, followed six lengths off by Pradella, third.



Lord Rosebery's Cicero, winner of the Coventry Stakes.

WHERE DOWIE IS HIDING.

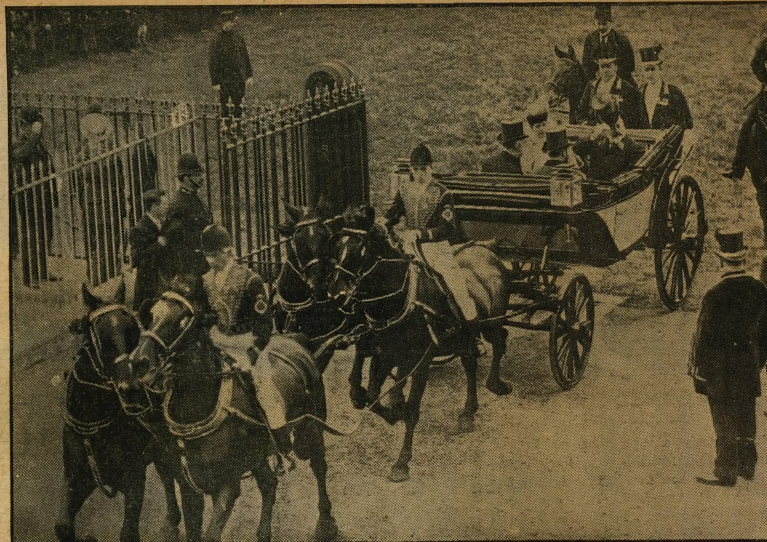


The Grand Hotel at Wimereux, the little seaside resort near Boulogne, where "Dr." Dowie is hiding after his flight from "wicked London." The cross marks the centre window of the "Profit's" suite of rooms.

CANADIAN BOWLERS IN ENGLAND.



The Canadian bowling team, which is visiting England for the championships. Their visit is a result of the great revival of interest in the game.



The arrival of the King and Queen at Ascot. Driving into the paddock from the course.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.



Mr. J. S. Eddington, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Senior Wrangler for 1904. Closely following the Senior Wrangler are five mathematical scholars from Board Schools.—(Photograph by Legg.)

NEW RELICS OF OLD LONDON.



These old wooden water pipes, dating back over a hundred and fifty years, have been unearthed in Holborn while excavating in the roadway. The pipes are merely trunks of small elm trees hollowed out. The outside is left in its natural state and the bark is still attached to many parts. They are being keenly sought by collectors.

VICTIM OF THE CORNISH CRIME.



Miss Jessie Rickards, the pretty Cornish girl who was found murdered at Castle-an-Dinas, near Bodmin, with five bullet wounds in the head. The police and voluntary searchers are hunting the neighbourhood for the murderer.

WILL THEY BE JAPANESE SUBJECTS?



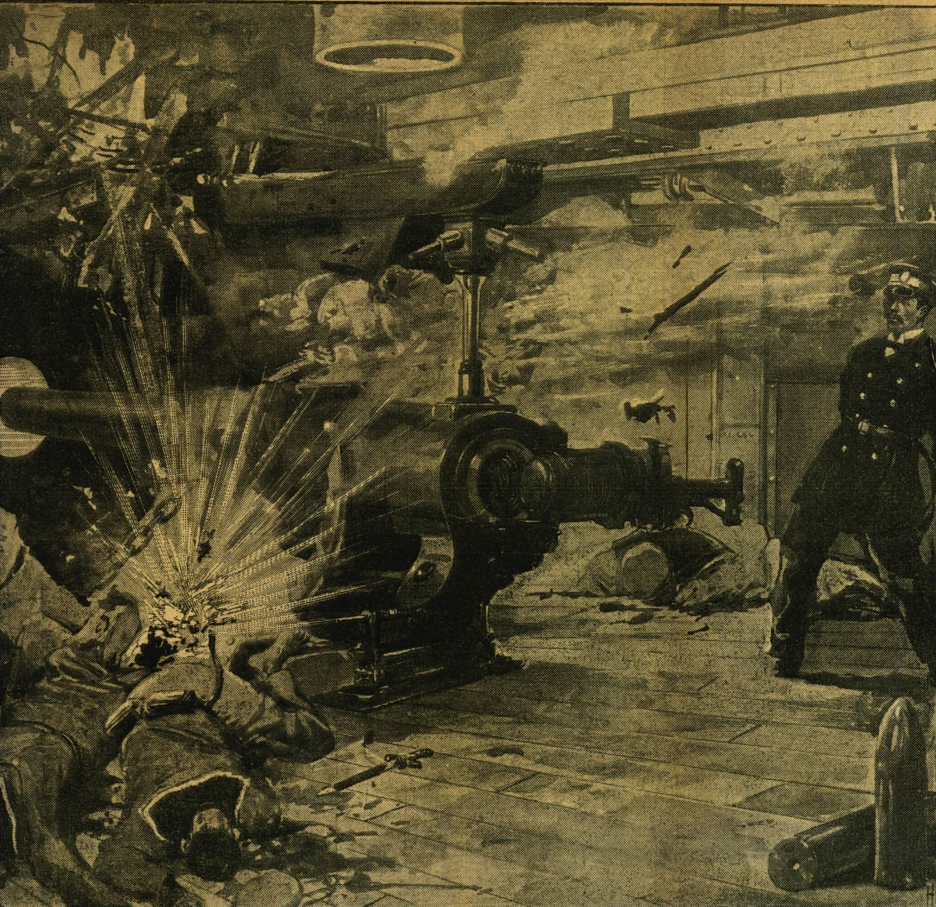
A typical Korean family receiving a visit from a European lady and her small boy. The Koreans have characteristics of both the Japanese and Chinese, in their habits, art, and appearance.

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AN INCIDENT IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT ARTHUR.



oting of the Russian gunners has been notoriously bad, the Japanese squadron has not escaped unhurt from its attacks. This incident, drawn from a sketch by our artist at the front, shows the terrible effect of a Russian shell exploding on a Japanese cruiser. By an extraordinary chance the Japanese gunnery lieutenant who was near the gun escaped unhurt.

COMPETITORS IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE TO-MORROW.



Mr. S. F. Edge (Napier), of the English team.



M. Luigi Storero (F.I.A.T.), of the Italian team.



Mr. Charles Jarrott (Wolsely), of the English team.—(Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.)



Baron de Caters (Mercedes), of the German team.



Warden (Mercedes), of the Austrian team.
A second series of pictures of the competitors for the Gordon-Bennett Cup will appear in to-morrow's issue.

CRICKET YESTERDAY.



Yesterday made 148 runs at Yorkshire. C. B. in the same innings, shared closed for 440 in the same innings.

NEW READING OF THE BIBLE.



Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, of Chicago, who is to give a "New reading of the Bible" at Queen's Hall on Wednesday next. Her new reading teaches "self-healing" as contrasted with the "faith-healing" of the Christian Scientists, to which body she at one time belonged.—(Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.)

PRODIGY'S RECORD FEES.



Franz von Vecsey, the boy violinist, to whom the Queen gave one of her own gold chains, has just secured an engagement in America at the highest fees ever paid for an instrumentalist. They are much in excess of the £17,500 paid to Kubelik for eighty recitals.

THE WOMAN WHO WILL HAVE THE FINAL WORD.

ARGUMENTATIVE DISCUSSIONS.

A FREQUENT CAUSE OF BICKERING AND QUARREL.

Everybody knows the story of the man and woman who quarrelled as to whether something should be cut with scissors or a knife. Finally, in the heat of their argument, they both fell into the water, and were drowned; but the woman's last act, as she sank for the second time, past speech, was to make the sign of scissors cutting with the fingers of her hand. She would have the last word, even in death.

Now, this is typical of a certain kind of woman. She must have the last word in every discussion—it is more precious to her than the things other people spend their lives in striving after—honour, wealth, fame, or happiness. She feels that if she does not secure that final sign of victory and triumph, life would not be worth living; and she will fling away, without another thought, domestic peace and the affection of those nearest to her just for the insignificant right of having that last miserable word.

Bristles with Angry Insistence.

The woman who has the last word is seldom popular. She is much too apt to offend people's prejudices, and to rub them up the wrong way. She is perilously apt to "nag," and a nagging person is deservedly the terror of the world at large. What possible pleasure can there be in talking with her, when, at the faintest hint of a difference of opinion between you, she rushes into combat with all her armour on, and by that mysterious devotion to the last word leaves you invariably—however much you may be in the right—feeling as if you were discomfited and altogether in the wrong?

She will have that last word at any cost; but apparently it does not make her any the happier because she gets it. She is seldom a cheerful or light-hearted woman, because that anxious pursuit of the last word is quite enough to drive all cheerfulness out of anybody. She generally becomes querulous and peevish, even in her moment of triumph.

The man who marries the woman who will have the last word is indeed a courageous individual. He will never know what it is to complacently feel himself master of his own house, or secure of making his opinion felt on any subject. His wife may be an excellent woman in all other respects; but he never will be entirely happy in her company, for men are too fond of having the last word themselves ever to tolerate that little weakness in their womenfolk.

PEBBLE JEWELLERY.

SURVIVALS FROM HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Agate and other seashore and mountain stones used to be worn in profusion as bracelets and necklets by the fair ones of the middle of last century. They are returning to vogue, and are being used by those who admire quaint effects in jewellery. There is such variety in the colour and lustre of a beach pebble that many different effects are obtained when they are appropriately set—a fact that should be remembered by those who are going to enjoy a seaside holiday this summer.

An artistic chain was recently observed, made by a girl who had taken a course in art metal work. The chain was fashioned of links of silver, and between each third or fourth one a reddish translucent pebble was set. The effect was light and shimmering, and likewise original. Another graceful piece was a pendant of silver, in an open-work design, studded with semi-transparent reddish and greenish pebbles. A light graduated fringe of silver, studded with tiny pebbles, edged the ornament.

In opaque pebbles an artistic effect was produced by means of a pair of rich brown stones, elongated in shape and set in gold, to be used as cuff-links. A set of shirt studs to match were original and distinctive, while a dagger-shaped brooch, to complete the set, was equally effective.

A more interesting type, because executed in copper, but set with the same kind of stones, was a belt buckle. The copper setting was formed like a bird's wing, and the metal had been chemically treated so as to glow with an iridescent effect. In the middle of the conventional wing a large well-shaped golden-brown pebble was inserted. The copper framework was not flat, but moulded.

Several very striking stock pins have been mounted, with the pebbles appropriately set, and already some women are making money by the sale of this jewellery, which opens up a new field for the woman with artistic ability.

Besides beach and brook pebbles, others may be found of much beauty in hilly and stony parts of the country. It must not be supposed that the stones are wasted ready to be set on the shore or mountain. They only reveal their beauty to the clever geologist, and must be properly prepared and polished before they can be of any use.

BEAUTY FOR THE BREAD-WINNER.

HOW THE GIRL WHO TOILS MAY BE PRETTY.

The road to health and beauty is open to every girl if she have the courage, the persistence, and the intelligence to follow it. Nobody in the world has a better right to be happy, healthy, and pretty than she who, in one capacity or another, does useful work for the world. Yet hardly anywhere else are there to be found so many discontented, dyspeptic, haggard-looking women as in the offices and shops where young working-women spend their lives.

These two facts stare each other in the face. The working-girl mourns over the evident discrepancy, but of all the people who long for the prettiness which comes with health and happiness she

only permitted, but positively courted, between exercises?

Those of you who are typewriters, and who bend over your machines all day in the most twisted position your limbs can be twisted into, how can you think that one night a week of gymnastics will take out the twist and tangle, and leave you supple-limbed, lithe, and erect? And those who are accountants, do you ever give a thought to the balance of your bodies on the high stool as you sit working at the book in front of you?

And then all the rest of you working girls, behind counters, at telephones, wherever your duty calls you daily, when you are sleeping in close bedrooms and holding down your breakfasts, and never taking even half an hour's exercise throughout the day, how can you expect to be pretty and healthy?

Remember your right to be happy, healthy, and pretty; remember how many of you fall short of this. Every girl naturally wants to be pretty, no girl can be pretty who is not healthy. Health is the beautiful, normal condition intended by nature

this costume should not be altogether as becoming as your dainty afternoon or evening frock.

Hitherto the black or very dark bathing suit has alone been considered suitable, but now this idea has been done away with and decidedly bright electric and sapphire blues, as well as all shades of red, and even green, have taken the place of the one-time sombre black and navy blue. Purple has even been hinted at, but only vaguely, though it would look rather fascinating in the sea.

Materials, too, have changed, but this for the very practical reason that mohair and brilliantine have been found so unsatisfactory. All smart bathing suits are now made of a new taffetas, manufactured especially for this purpose and warranted not only to wear, but also to keep its colour absolutely.

The great increase in intestinal troubles is largely due to non-digestion of the starchy parts of bread and porridges. In **GRAPE-NUTS**, the new breakfast food, the starches are changed to grape sugar (the first step in digestion). **GRAPE-NUTS** are very appetizing.

ALL GROCERS SELL
AT 7D. PER PACKET.



One of the manifold uses of narrow velvet ribbon is illustrated in this picture, where nut-brown velvet trims a gown of cinnamon canvas. Cinnamon is a cool colour, very far removed from chocolate, which is by no means a summer choice.

unconsciously makes the least intelligent effort to secure it.

The majority of young working-women in large towns live in a way that would soon fade the good looks of Venus and break down athletic Diana into a pale-faced and anemic anemity. They do not eat the right food, they do not sleep the right way, they do not dress correctly. They do not walk the right way, they do not stand the right way, they do not sit the right way. They do not work the right way, they do not rest the right way, they do not breathe the right way. And then they wonder why they are not healthy, happy, and pretty, as all of them wish to be.

Have you girls ever realised that you yourselves are your best beautifiers? How many of you ever stop to think that the little daily habits you indulge in are doing harm to your good looks which cannot be undone by cosmetics or by a few spasmodic physical culture exercises? How many of you know that all the gymnasia in the world can never impart gracefulness if awkward motions are not

for each individual being; if wrong habits have become second nature it simply means a complete turning round, a quick getting back to the point where nature and natural right living can co-operate with the girl herself. If you want to be pretty you must avoid all beauty hindrances, and, like everything worth having, this will need a sturdy effort, but one that is distinctly worth while.

HER BATHING SUIT.

For many years, in fact, almost from time immemorial, women seemed to accept the idea passively that it was quite impossible to appear charming, or even, to put it bluntly, anything but very homely and commonplace, in a bathing suit. With the present rapid advance in fashions this idea is all too absurd, and women are gradually beginning to realise that there is no reason why

LASSOL MOTH and VERMIN DESTROYER (GARDEN).

Absolutely exterminates Moths and other Insects in a few hours. Lassol is a new process, is not a powder, guaranteed free from poison and is the best disinfectant. From all chemists, ironmongers, and stores or send Postal Order to Lassol Mfg. Co., 12, Bridgegate-st., London, E.C. Price complete, 8/-; rolls, 5/- per box.

NEURALGIA

ZOX is the Quick FREE Cure.

NEURALGIA is a disease of the Nerves, and most commonly attacks the nerves of the face. The illustration presents in the prominent lines the nerves of the fifth branch, which are most liable to the attacks of Neuralgia. All who suffer will be glad to know of ZOX, a simple and sure remedy, certified free from injurious substances by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, The Practitioner of the Remedy offer to send two free sample ZOX Powders to any reader of the Daily Mirror who will send stamped addressed envelope.

ZOX POWDERS can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, &c., at 1/- and 2/- 6d. a box, or post free from the ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM: Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hue, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. Cools and cleanses. Bottles or tubes 3/- Send 2/- stamps for two samples (different scents).—Icilmia (Dept. B), 145, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

A Wonderful Remedy

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

For Liver Complaints.

MOTOR-CAR DERBY.

Many Corners on the Difficult Gordon-Bennett Cup Course.

To-morrow is Motor Derby Day. In Homburg and the neighbourhood excitement already runs high, and speculation is rife as to the winner of the Gordon-Bennett race.

Every train brings with it a load of new comers from all parts of Europe—Italians, French, English, Swiss, Austrians, and Belgians.

Many visitors have brought their cars with them, and the order of the day now is a trip round to see the course and to view the decorations.

By universal consent the course is steep and difficult, and it has more corners than last year's course in Ireland; but the roads themselves are excellent, and the most elaborate dust-laying precautions have been taken.

Everything humanly possible has been done to ensure safety. The officials of the German Automobile Club have spared neither time nor money, and have been ably assisted by the officials of the French and English clubs.

The time of the stoppages at the different controlling places has now been fixed, and will have to be strictly adhered to by the drivers.

At each start the time will be entered on printed forms, which will be placed by the controllers in



MAP OF THE COURSE FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE.
(The arrow indicates the direction in which the cars travel.)

the tin box fixed to each car. At the close of the race these papers will be taken out and examined. The following are the times of stoppages at the various controlling places:—

Controlling places.	Time of stoppages.
Ussingen	5 minutes
Weilburg	7 minutes
Limburg	10 minutes
Idstein	8 minutes
Esch	5 minutes
Königstein	7 minutes
Oberursel	6 minutes
Homburg	8 minutes

In the smoking-room of the English Automobile clubhouse in Piccadilly will be erected a screen, on which the competing cars will be arranged in order of starting. Their positions will be altered as the race progresses by means of a constant telegraph service. Thus, members in London will be able to follow the course of the contest.

A well-known motorist informed a *staffer* representative yesterday that although Homburg and the neighbourhood were very full for the race, they were by no means so crowded as people seemed to think, and there was still plenty of accommodation to be had at extremely moderate prices.

The order of starting is drawn as follows:—Zenatry (Germany), 1; Edge (England), 2; Warden (Austria), 3; Cagno (Italy), 4; Thery (France), 5; Baron P. de Crawley (Belgium), 6; F. Dufaux (Switzerland), 7; Baron de Caters (Germany), 8; S. Girling (England), 9; Werner (Austria), 10; Storero (Italy), 11; Salleron (France), 12; Agüelles (Belgium), 13; Fritz Opel (Germany), 14; C. Jarrat (England), 15; Braun (Austria), 16; Lancia (Italy), 17; Rougier (France), 18; Hautvast (Belgium), 19.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XV.

A Disturber of Peace.

Beatrix Chevenix glanced at herself in the looking-glass and sighed wearily. Her maid Mason had dressed her hair beautifully, and she was looking her very best. The frock she was to wear had just arrived from Paris and was a triumph of sartorial art; congenial souls were coming to a charming little dinner, and she was to lead a cotillion later on in the evening at the Duchess of Amberton's, yet her soul refused comfort, and the world was as a barren wilderness.

She wore no rings on her white, shapely hands, yet she still kept the ring John Heron had given her locked away securely in her jewel casket. "I want to keep it," she had written him a few days after her departure from Denzil's Folly, "so that I may always have something in remembrance of the only man I ever loved. When I am quite old, and have got beyond caring for most things, I shall wear it again, possibly, and with a better understanding of the decrees of fate than I feel now."

Nearly two months had passed since the formal breaking off of the engagement, and now rumour whispered that the brilliant Miss Chevenix was about to make a more splendid match and to carry off that matrimonial prize, Lord Holford.

"You can go, Mason," said Beatrix abruptly, turning to her maid. "Have my cloak and gloves ready by ten; the white cloak with the ermine."

Mason took her departure, and, as she did so, Beatrix heaved a sigh of relief. "I hate to feel her fidgeting about," she remarked to Feodora Cary, who had come round early to see a little of her cousin before the expected guests arrived; "she creeps so softly about, and is so painfully polite and well-trained, and the perfection of the whole thing gets on my nerves."

She wore a wonderful dress, clouds of black lace over chiffon, and besprinkled with beads of glittering crystal—beads that shone and glittered whenever the light caught them. The long, bat-like sleeves were suspended on the shoulders by chains of white roses, and the frills on bodice and skirt were edged with dainty petals of the same flower.

Feodora rose slowly from her chair. She raised a jewelled lorgnette and looked at her cousin critically.

"I could kiss the man who designed that frock," she remarked, "I really could, Tris." But to return to a much more interesting subject: Are you not glad now that you broke off that absurd engagement? You will make a superb Countess of Holford. You were born for a coronet, my dear child. You have all the air and manner for it. As Mrs. John Heron you would have been a princess masquerading; as Lord Holford's wife you will be in your right element, and in your own set."

Beatrix shut her mouth sharply, and busied herself in arranging some of the trinkets on her dressing-table.

"I like your toilet set better than mine," Feodora chattered on; "tortoiseshell and gold look more distinguished somehow than my heavy gold set. I wish Tony had bought me a tortoiseshell set. You always get the things I want; it is funny."

Beatrix turned on the discontented little babbler and caught her in her arms. "Answer me one thing, Feo," she said gravely. "You once used to be awfully fond of Reggie Hastings before you married Tony; how soon did it take you to forget him?"

"I haven't forgotten him," The blue eyes looked up sharply. "Why should you think I have? I'm glad I didn't marry him, though. I met his wife at Prince's last Sunday lunching in a last year's hat and such poor furs, and, oh, dear, how thankful I felt I was not Mrs. Reggie. I had my own chin-chilla stole on, you know, and the gardenia toque you like so much, the new French one, and of course I was a dear and much more good-tempered than Reggie would ever have been. Still," she sighed rather dreamily as she moved forward to the dressing table and passed a powder puff lightly over her flushed cheeks.

"Still—what?" asked Beatrix, regarding her steadily.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, with a nervous laugh. "I was only thinking what a funny world we live in. Look at me, for instance; I value a new French toque above the love of any man in the world, and I'm only one of many. I tell you what it is, Tris," she moved forward as she spoke, "people must either have made a huge mistake in the past, or are making a big one now, for this love, which has ruled the world for centuries is being gradually trampled out, trodden down, and made of no account by modern men and women. So we are either destroying a vain superstition, or we are eliminating the best thing ever given to us. That's the secret the next age will perhaps be able to find out." She peered up into her cousin's face. "You didn't think me quite such a philosopher, did you?" she asked, with some suppression of emotion, "or that I ever thought seriously of anything, but I do—sometimes."

The guests soon began to arrive. There was a certain Indian big-wig, a keen, hawk-eyed man, with his pretty dark-haired wife, the latter a little woman, who was the presiding goddess of Simla, and thirsted to be back there again. The Countess of Sinclair and her husband, the lady clad in black velvet and hung about with diamonds, her grey hair confined in the old-fashioned bandeau, her thin, wrinkled face keen and good-tempered. The Earl himself was a bland and smiling old gentleman, whose principal interest in life was a favourite herd of Scotch cattle. Lady Molly Charteris was also amongst the guests. She was a smart, almost ultra-smart, young married woman, with the sweetest ingenuit smile. She was gowned in a very simple frock of soft white silk, and had a blue sash twisted round her waist, but the rope of pearls she wore was worth a king's ransom, and had not been given to her by her husband.

Colonel Grimwood was announced, and Beatrix flushed up a little as she greeted him. Business had brought him up to town, and the girl, meeting him by mere chance in Broad-street, had invited him to dinner that night. She would not admit even to herself that her real object in so doing was to hear about John Heron; besides, she thought it doubtful if his name would even be mentioned. Julian Grimwood thought it in better taste to make no remarks about him, and she doubted if she would have the courage to bring up his name herself.

"You have no exciting news to tell me, I hope?" she asked, rather nervously; "they have not captured the poor convict?"

"No news at all," he answered, "and as to the convict, they have pretty well given up any hope

of finding him. The warders have ceased to patrol the roads, and all the excitement has died down. I expect the poor wretch has managed to get abroad by now; that is the worst likely happened; at any rate, you need not fear his capture."

As the two talked together in low, carefully-subdued voices, standing in full view of the room, a pretty, fair-haired woman gazed with some interest at Colonel Grimwood from her seat on the sofa, but seemed uncertain whether to smile or bow; fidgeting a little with her feather fan, and crumpling her lace handkerchief into a small round ball.

"Don't you remember Mrs. Blandford?" asked Beatrix, noticing the woman's agitation; "she told me you were old friends, so I asked you both for the same evening, go and talk to her; you take her down to dinner, I fancy."

"Of course I remember her," replied the man, "and I shall be charmed to meet her again; how kind of you to arrange things so delightfully." He moved away as he spoke, crossing the room to where Mrs. Blandford sat in solitary state.

Julian Grimwood smiled to himself as he made his way to her. He had very nearly married this woman, and he was conscious of having treated her rather badly. "So we meet at last," he muttered under his breath, with the curious pandering to fate he always indulged in; "the little girls who mock at men have decided to add another chapter on to our story."

Mrs. Blandford flushed vividly as the man approached, and her breast heaved a little under her soft lace fichu.

"What an age it seems since we last met," she said, holding out her pretty, plump hand. "Are you sure you have not forgotten me, Colonel Grimwood?"

"Quite sure," he answered, seating himself by her side; "it would have been impossible for me to forget you. But do not ask me how long it is since we met, or I shall think unhappily of a coin wasted in privilege, but I am so rarely up in town, or I should long since have been round to call."

Any Blandford took up her feather fan and toyed with it carelessly, and then she shot a keen glance at the Anglo-Indian. She had deep, china-blue eyes, fringed with long lashes, whilst her eyebrows had been slightly accentuated by the aid of a skillfully-wielded brush.

"Yes, you never came to call," she said slowly. "I stayed in expecting to see you for nearly a week, and then—well, I crossed your name out of my list of friends, and forgot your very existence till you entered the room a moment ago."

Dinner was announced, and the procession of partners began to stream out, Robert Chevenix leading the way with the Countess of Sinclair, whilst Julian Grimwood rose, offering his arm, but Any Blandford hardly touched it with her finger tips.

Mrs. Blandford found that she had been accorded the honour of a seat on the left of her host. She glanced at him a little nervously as she removed her long gloves and refused soup, preferring to nibble at some almonds out of the little silver dish in front of her. It was the first time she had dined with such influential people. Her wonderful fancy for music had carried her to her present height in society, but she felt a little giddy, and was painfully anxious to say and o the right things. But the manners of her new friends and their social rules were very difficult to understand and follow. Any Blandford realised, for instance, that she could never play billiards after dinner, and an outrageous costume as velvet knickerbockers and a loose silk blouse, yet Lady Molly Charteris by so doing had shocked nobody. "It was only Molly's freak," so her friends said charitably; but the same charity would be denied to one only on the outskirts of society like Any Blandford.

She looked at Julian Grimwood, and noted that he was at home with all these people and

understood them. She watched him chatting easily to a pretty red-haired woman, a very great lady indeed, making his smile and then laugh for her, and flashing all her teeth. She gazed at the floral decorations, and ventured a humble remark about their beauty to Robert Chevenix, admiring the exquisite trails of white lilac and Parma violets, also the fine strip of Moorish work down the centre of the table, with its blend of mauve and silver.

"Yes, it looks pretty," remarked the great man, bland, as usual, and with a Jove-like ease; "my daughter always employs a certain lady to arrange flowers for us; she comes round every day, I believe. Beatrix has a peculiar knack of getting hold of just the right people to do the things she wants, quite an art in its way."

Julian Grimwood talked to her a good deal, and she realised that she was infinitely ready for flirtation, but Mrs. Blandford was not at all fond of flirting—possibly for this reason, so many women had taken her up, realising that she would hardly be likely to annex their friends.

Accordingly, she gave Julian Grimwood no encouragement, and this rather piqued him, for he had exerted himself to make her comfortable, and tried the effect of soft glances and honeyed words, but the blonde widow had an answer for him; "I am wiser than I was when you last saw me," she said quietly, letting her eyes express more than her words, "so you must not treat me as if I were the same foolish person—you really must not, Colonel Grimwood."

After this he could only adopt a different manner, feeling half sorry that the new chapter could not have opened where the other left off. He tried to express as much in a glance, but Robert Chevenix had discovered by this time that Mrs. Blandford was an extremely pretty woman and worth a little attention, so the Premier bent to her smilingly, and she fluttered and sunned herself in the light of his admiration.

The meal of many courses was drawing to a close when the butler came up to Robert Chevenix and whispered something in his ear. Any Blandford caught the words: "She insists on seeing you, sir; says it's most important."

"But who on earth is the woman? Don't you know yet, Barker, that I never see stray folk who turn up in this fashion?" The Premier looked annoyed; this was the first time the well-trained Barker had been so indiscreet.

Barker hemmed and coughed. "The lady is Miss Molly Devine," he explained—"a variety artist, I believe, sir, and the reason, the sole reason of my admitting her was because she stated that she had serious news to tell you about her brother, a gentleman you knew years ago. She said you would not recognise her under her new name, but would see her directly you heard who she was."

"A most unwarrantable impertinence," the Premier's brow clouded; "I have no idea who the woman can be, nor do I wish to see her. I have had lunatics here before now. Go and tell the woman that I cannot see her."

"Her name, sir, is Margaret Carew, sister of Paul Carew." The butler hesitated a half second, for he had been strangely impressed by the mysterious visitor. "She asked me to say this," he lied, "if you were unwilling to see her otherwise."

Robert Chevenix turned and looked hard at the butler, not a muscle of his face moving, his expression absolutely impassive.

"I know no such name, so tell the woman to go away. I am seriously displeased with you, Barker." As the man slunk away, the Premier turned to Lady Sinclair with his pleasant smile, treating the incident as a jest.

"I have to be careful with unknown visitors. I was shot at by a madman once."

As he spoke a little stir and flutter on his left caused Robert Chevenix to look round with an expression of surprise and concern. Any Blandford had fainted dead away.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

SHOALS OF SWIMMERS.

Three Thousand Athletes Compete for Selection by the "Weekly Dispatch" to Cross the Channel.

If anybody had suggested a fortnight ago that in England alone there were 3,000 men who were prepared to swim the English Channel, and, moreover, were quite confident as to their ability to succeed, his statement would not have been credited.

But, thanks to the enterprise of the proprietors of the "Weekly Dispatch," we are now able to state that already the number of applications exceeds 3,000, and each post brings in a fresh batch of volunteers.

The question which at once arises, is what percentage of these candidates for the undertaking have over-estimated their capabilities, and how many, given reasonable luck in the matter of tides and currents, are physically able to swim the Channel.

Of course, there are some—indeed, there are many—whose physique is beyond question, and who are a living refutation of the oft-repeated suggestion that as a nation we are degenerating.

The fact that 3,000 Englishmen have signified their readiness to undertake a task so difficult is in itself a splendid testimonial to the pluck of British swimmers.

3,000 COMPETITORS.

The only cause for regret is the impossibility of allowing, so far as the "Weekly Dispatch" is concerned, all these people to make the attempt.

What could possibly be a more entertaining spectacle than to see the Straits of Dover closed to ordinary traffic for a whole day, while three thousand, or more, long-distance swimmers strike their way through the tides and waves, between hundreds of pilot boats lining the course, in a gallant endeavour to become famous by winning the "Weekly Dispatch" trophy?

Business would, of course, be dislocated for the time being; everybody would go to Dover and Calais, and some would engage tugs and boats in order to accompany and encourage the swimmers on the way across. There would possibly be a corps of aquatic policemen swimming about in life-belts, and keeping a clear course for the army of competitors.

But as the "Weekly Dispatch" is not in a position to charter the English Channel, even in

lish swimming will have to be carried by one man only.

Interest in the swim is not confined to any particular class.

The following list of occupations, selected at random from the applications received, shows the widespread interest created by the offer:—

Retired Army Major.	Naval Lieutenant.
Doctors (two).	Sailors.
Greenkeepers.	Ladies (two).
Artists.	Professional Swimmers.
Actor.	Gardeurs.
Schoolmaster.	Gymnastic Instructor.
Licensed Victualler.	Musician.

The list might be almost indefinitely extended. Nearly all the applicants enclose particulars as to their physical development, and each is quite sure of success, should he be selected.

The Major, who writes from Skegness, is, according to his letter, of fine build. He is 6ft. 2in. in

youthful competitor, in his ardour, overlooks the possibility of a further reduction in his weight after three months' training; and of a corresponding decline in his ability to "stay" for long in a turbulent sea.

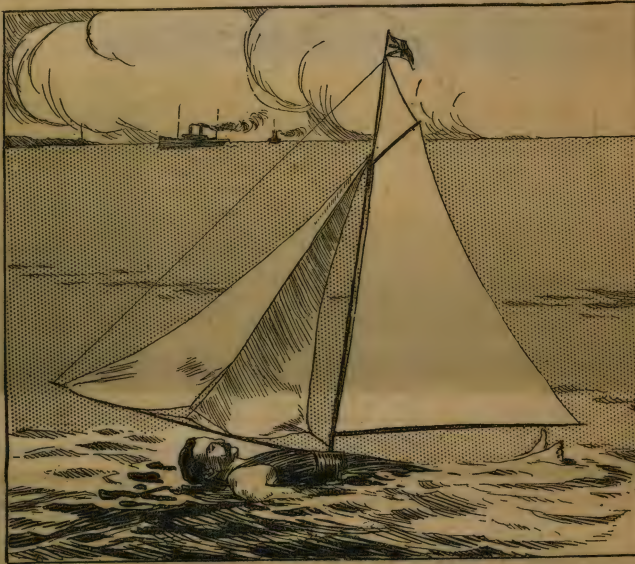
A Portsmouth correspondent writes asking for the appointment of official trainer to the successful candidates, and incidentally mentions six Southsea swimmers, each of whom, he assures us, is capable of swimming the Channel.

"I think S— could swim across in seventeen hours," he writes. "He once swam from Southsea to Ryde in two hours and twenty-five minutes without any training, which Captain Webb himself failed to do."

"Two other Southsea men (mentioning the names) also swam from Southsea to Ryde, but they took twenty minutes longer."

Nearly every letter that is opened contains some sort of suggestion for the consideration of the "Weekly Dispatch" proprietors.

One gentleman offers to make an attempt to cross the Channel, if financed by the "Dispatch," in an



A professional swimmer suggests turning himself into a human yacht, and so crossing the Channel.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

height, 43in. round the chest, 33in. waist, 15in. biceps, 23in. thigh, and he weighs 1st. 8lb. Nobody, surely, would require a better physique, but to improve his chances of being selected the Major adds that he is "a teetotaler, and smokes just a little after dinner."

The naval lieutenant possesses almost as good a physique.

A professional swimmer from Birkenhead encloses in his letter of application a curious photograph of himself as a human yacht.

HUMAN YACHT.

Attached to a belt around his body is a mast, by which sails are hoisted. He then floats in the water, and by a clever manipulation of the sails is able to steer in any direction he chooses. In this manner he has covered many long distances.

This method of crossing the Channel, however, is not eligible for the "Weekly Dispatch" offer, although if the "human yacht" could be steered from Dover to Calais it would undoubtedly be a great achievement.

One of the lady competitors is very anxious lest her sex should cause her to be left out of consideration when the selection is made.

"I have done a lot of long-distance swimming," she writes, "and I am quite sure I can swim the Channel if only you will give me the chance. I am much stronger than many men, so I do hope you will consider my application without being prejudiced, as most people are, by my sex."

She also sends a photograph, and, judging by her beautifully developed figure, what she says about her strength is justified.

Both of the doctors are ready and willing to leave their practices in charge of locum tenens during the three months or so that is required for training purposes.

RUN TO WASTE.

A Cheshire candidate has put forth a very curious claim for consideration.

"I have always been unsuccessful in 'Hidden Gold' and 'What's Wrong,'" he writes, "so I do hope to be successful in this competition."

One of the most confident competitors of all is a young gentleman who is proud of the fact that he scales only 9st. 11lb., which he considers is the ideal weight for a long-distance swimmer.

"When Holbein stayed in the water for twenty-two hours," he argues, "he wasted nearly 9lb., and consequently was very exhausted. I haven't got it to waste."

While the latter remark is probably true, the

indicated dress—a feat which Captain Boyton failed to perform over a quarter of a century ago. Others offer to paddle across in canoes and life-



A type of man who would not be successful, even if he could stand the training.

saving costume, while a Greenwich competitor asks to be allowed to walk from Dover to Calais in specially constructed water-boots!

LADY'S REALM says: "It will prove a lasting blessing to thousands."

SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT says: "Antipon" bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

A Miracle of Curative Science.

FACTS ABOUT "ANTIPON."

It seems wonderful that a few small doses at stated intervals should have such a marvellous effect upon the human frame. Yet so it is. "Antipon," the greatest specific discovered of recent years for the permanent cure of corpulence, brings about a perfect transformation in an incredibly short space of time, and stout people who have groaned for many years under an intolerable burden of fat, and who have tried in vain every conceivable medicine and treatment, have found at last in "Antipon" an absolutely reliable permanent cure for the disease; not an exhausting, semi-starving "cure" which only has a temporary reductive effect, but a tonic, strengthening, re-energising remedy which brings the weight down to the normal, gives perfection of figure and renewed beauty of facial outline, and may be discontinued for good as soon as these results are assured, with the complete assurance that the cure is lasting.

"Antipon," unlike all old-time methods of reducing weight, requires no help from a disagreeable, restricted dietary. It is in itself an all-sufficient remedy, calling for no discomforting or inconvenient conditions, such as exhausting exercises, sweating, purging, etc. It acts as no other remedy acts, simply, easily, pleasantly, without the need of forgoing any of the rational pleasures of life. "Antipon," the most powerful of fat-absorbents, is also the best of tonics. It increases appetite and calls for the complete satisfaction of the desire for wholesome food. It assists digestion and assimilation, and thus helps to turn that wholesome food into rich, new blood and sound, healthy muscle; with the best results, also, in increased nerve force and brain power. Thus it builds up health and strength whilst ridding the system of all the unhealthy, superfluous fat, internal and subcutaneous.

"Antipon" acts from the very first dose. A reduction of weight, varying from 8oz. to 3lb. is perceptible within a day and a night of taking the first dose, and this reduction is followed by a consistent daily decrease, absolutely certain, until the weight is finally reduced to the normal standard and the figure to renewed symmetry. The cure is then complete. Nothing but common prudence is needed to retain the condition of health and elegance of body until old age.

"Antipon" was not offered to the public until the new discovery was submitted to a number of eminent medical men with instructions to report in writing upon the nature and value of the ingredients. Their opinions were unanimously cordial and approving. It was also certified by the same authorities that the ingredients were absolutely harmless. "Antipon" is entirely non-mineral, and could have none but the most desirable tonic and strengthening effect upon the most delicate subject.

"Antipon," a pleasant-tasting liquid, wine-like in appearance, is sold by chemists, stores, etc., in bottles price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, should there be any difficulty in obtaining it through the ordinary channels, may be had (on sending remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the sole manufacturers, the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



Would certainly be the better for the training, but muscle, not fat, is wanted for long-distance swimming.

such a deserving cause as a combined Channel swim undoubtedly would be, the picture can only exist in the imagination, and the colours of Eng-

ESSEX AVENGED.

Surrey Outplayed and Beaten by an Innings and 196 Runs.

HAYES AND HOLLAND BAT WELL.

At the Oval yesterday Essex had an ample revenge for their reverse at Leyton, beating Surrey in overwhelming style by an innings and 196 runs. Under equal conditions the home team had been completely outplayed during the first two days, and when rain stopped the game on Tuesday they were in a hopeless position.

Having to follow on 428 behind, Surrey began their second innings yesterday morning, and in two hours and fifty minutes were all out for 232. The pitch naturally helped the bowlers, much rain having fallen during the night, but in the absence of sun the turf dried easily under a strong wind. Still, batsmen were much handicapped, and but for some dropped catches the result would have been even more decisive. Most of the men went in for hitting, and Hayes and Holland both played capitally.

Missed by Perrin when 45, Hayes scored 58 in sixty-five minutes, hitting seven 4's, and Holland, last out, was batting an hour and fifty minutes, his 75, marred by a chance to Reeves at slip when 34, including ten 4's.

Lees, twice let off, hit up 28 out of 49 in company with Hayes in twenty minutes, and Hayes and Holland added 62 in thirty-five minutes. May helped Holland put on 66 for the ninth wicket in forty minutes.

Full score and analysis:—

ESSEX.		SURREY.	
F. L. Fane, c Hayes b	24	P. Perrin, c Strudwick b	9
Lees	28	G. Toft, c Lees	9
Carpenter, c Strudwick b	1	Reeves, not out	28
Moulder	50	Extras	2
C. McGahey, c Hayes b	173		
Smith, b Douglas	0		
Sewell, not out	106		
		Total (for 5 wks) 616	
		Innings declared closed.	
Russell (E. J.), W. H. Douglas, Buckenham, and Tremlin			
did not bat.			

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Holland, c Perrin b	75	McGahey, c Douglas b	75
McGahey	5	C. Buckenham b Reeves	7
Moulder, b Buckenham	58	Hayes, c Tremlin b	5
Hayes, c Tremlin b	5	Smith, b Douglas	2
Goatly, lbw b McGahey	2	Lees, c Carpenter b	25
Smith, b Douglas	0	Carpenter b Douglas	21
Lees, c Carpenter b	25	Reeves, c Douglas b	21
Buckenham, b Douglas	24	Hayward, c Douglas b	1
Hayward, c Douglas b	24	F. R. May, b Douglas	16
K. J. Key, b Buckenham	27	Extras	16
Gooder, c Buckenham b	1		
McGahey	4		
Strudwick, not out	14		
F. R. May, b Douglas	16		
Extras	16		
Total	168	Total	232

BOWLING ANALYSIS.									
ESSEX—First Innings.									
	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Lees	47	9	128	3	Hayes	41	8	100	0
Smith	36	5	77	0	Hayward	12	1	31	0
Gooder	26	5	77	0	Moulder	2	1	1	0
May	20	1	94	0	Goatly	3	0	18	0
May no Hayward each bowled 2 no-balls.									
ESSEX—Second Innings.									
Buckenham	22	5	63	3	Reeves	5	1	8	0
McGahey	19	5	53	3	Tremelin	4	0	10	0
Douglas	10	3	22	0	Tozzetti	4	0	16	1
Buckenham bowled 2 no-balls, Tozzetti and Douglas a no-ball.									
SURREY—First Innings.									
Buckenham	14	4	39	1	Tremelin	6	0	43	1
Reeves	22	7	51	1	Tozzetti	4	0	14	0
Douglas	8	5	27	0	Hayes	7	1	21	3
Douglas bowled three no-balls and Tozzetti one no-ball.									

UNINSURED (7st 10lb) won by three parts of a length from WOLFSHALL (7st 10lb), with Stoic (6st 2lb) third, in the Lincolnshire Handicap. DUMBARTON CASTLE (6st 5lb) was ninth. See

(For other Cricket see page 13.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

WEEKLY DISPATCH.